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JULY 27, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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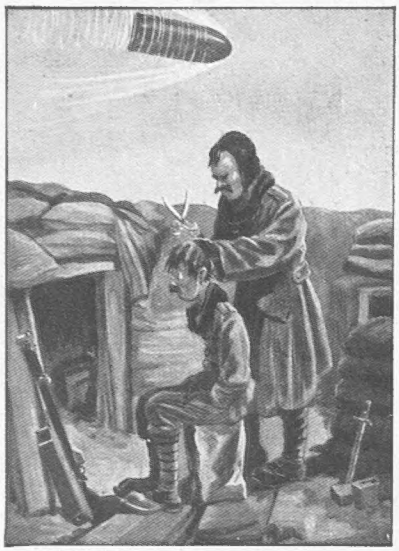

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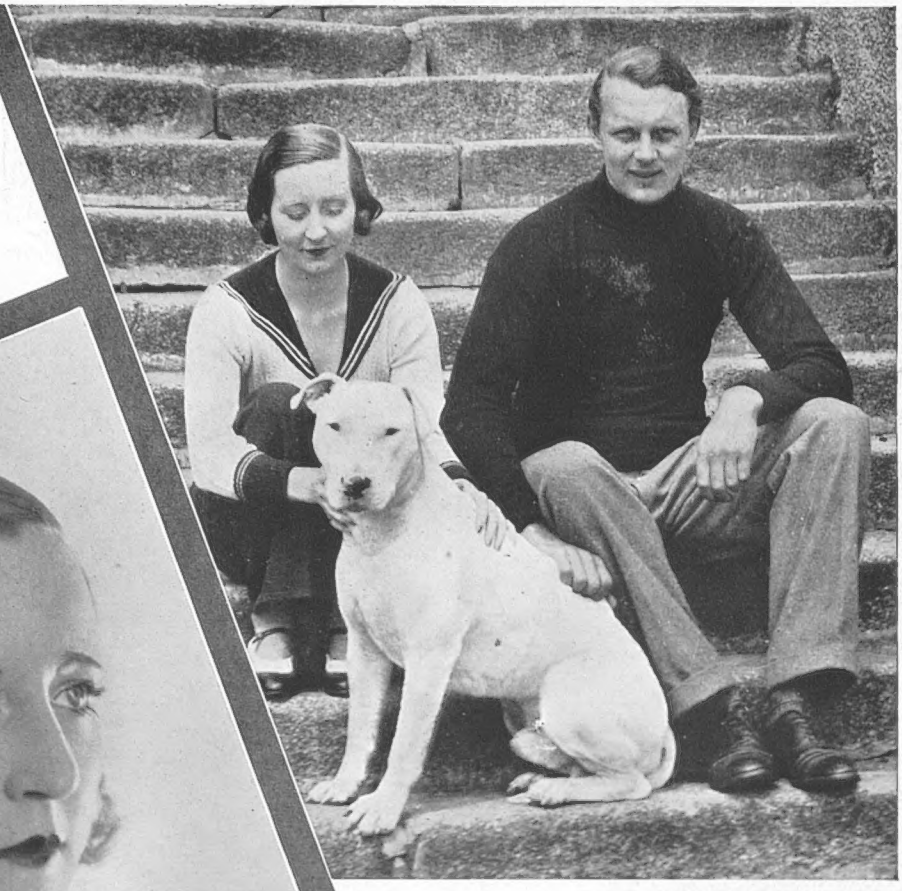
The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

THE LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE

Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn, and a popular and vivacious member of Mayfair's younger set. She is very interested in music, goes to most of the concerts, and was a "regular" at the opera during the brief Covent Garden season

Below: A new portrait of the Countess of Seafield. She and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, have spent most of the spring and summer at Castle Grant, Lady Seafield's lovely home on Speyside, where the fishing is extremely good and the shooting has been greatly improved of late years



At Castle Grant

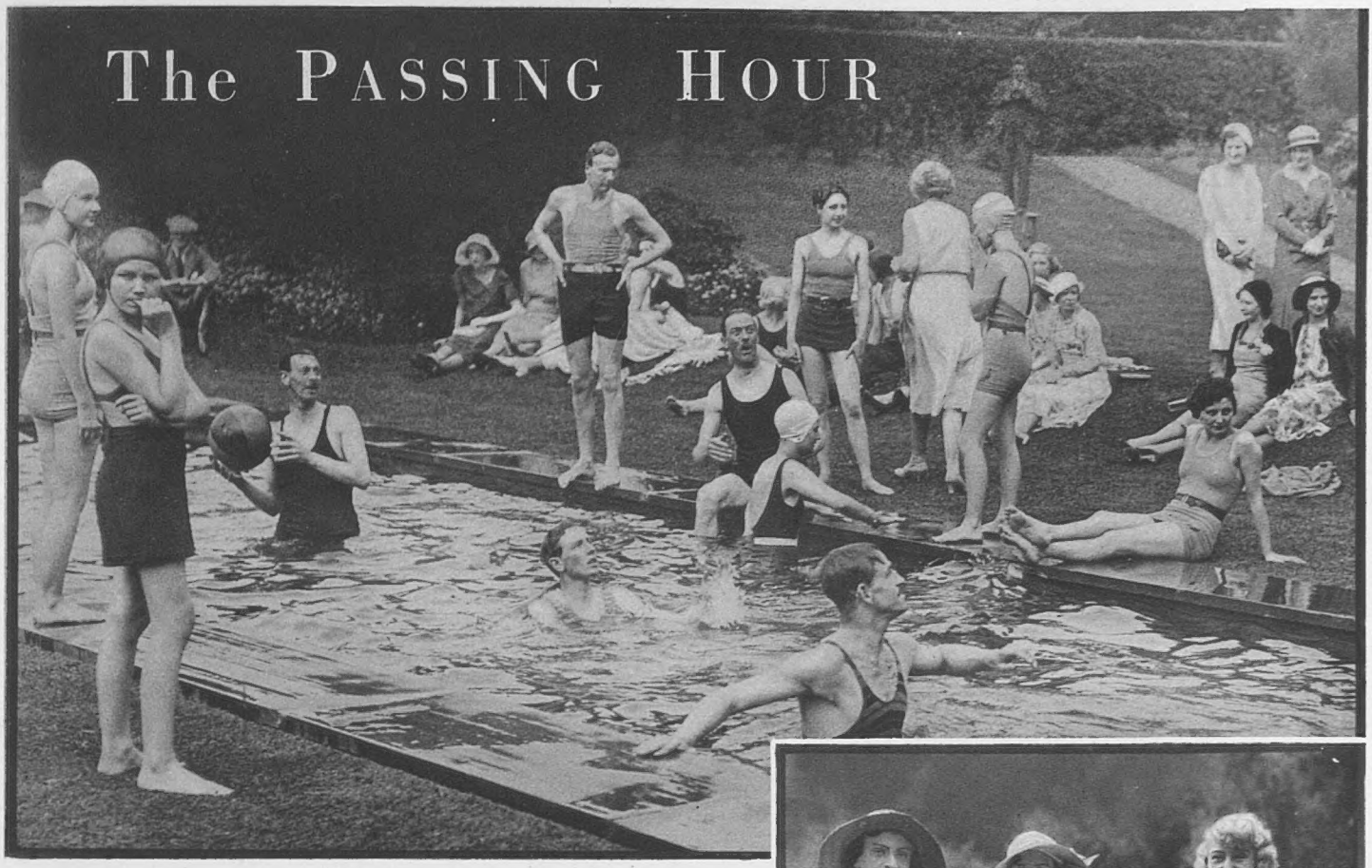
The photograph above shows Lady Seafield, wearing a sailor suit, and Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert on the steps at Castle Grant, with their bull-terrier, Jock, who is a familiar figure in the Park, where he walks daily with his owners when they are living at their flat in Grosvenor House

The Countess of Seafield and Mr. Studley-Herbert

"To say nothing of the dog"

Yevonde

The Passing Hour



At Ibstock Place, Roehampton

Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget gave a most amusing swimming and garden party last week at Ibstock Place, and above are seen some of the 200 guests, who included Mr. Cochran's young ladies, in and around the swimming-pool. Other exclusive pictures of this party will appear in "The Bystander" next week

Mrs. J. B. Paget, on the right, with two of her guests, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam

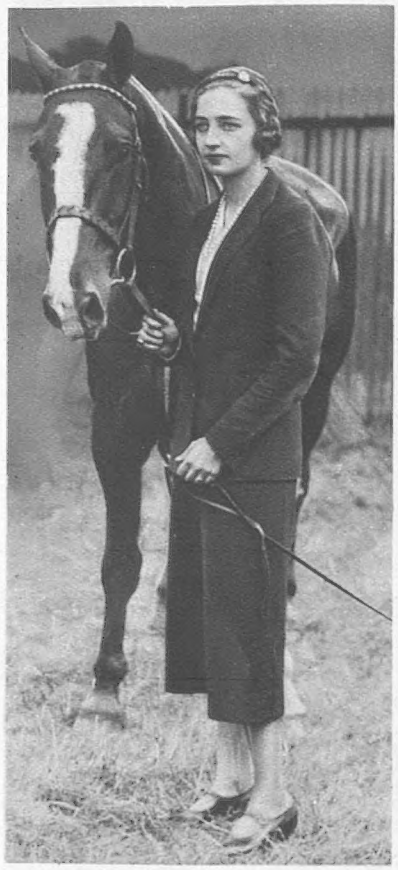
LATE in July though it was, there were still many familiar faces to be seen at the usual haunts in London last week. Mr. Peter Horlick and Mr. John Mason were consoling Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, the night before his judicial separation from Miss Frances Doble, at Quaglino's. Here, too, the Marquis de Portago, who is now Mr. Fernandez on his passport, owing to the growing Republicanism of the Spanish Foreign Office, had a party. Lady Milbanke, prettier than ever; and Lord Brecknock, no slimmer than before; the Prince de Ligne, dancing better than ever; Lord D'Abernon, by himself; Lady Veronica Hornby, with her husband, were all to be seen.

Daughters of the house, all ready for the swimming-pool: Miss Mollie and Miss Maimie Paget, who are twins, and very alike, and (centre) Miss Anne Paget, their younger sister

AT the Embassy, there were Colonel Wilfred Egerton and one or two young cavalry officers, and Mr. and Mrs. de Winton Wills, but no sign of Peter, the successor to Luigi, whose absence I referred to last week. Can it be that Peter is not coming back there? For the sake of everybody concerned, I hope this is not so, and will be glad to hear of his imminent return. Quaglino, incidentally, is off for a month's holiday to Cannes, Juan les Pins, and San Remo. He deserves one.

AT Ciro's, Lord Leigh and his great-niece, Lady Joan Villiers, were enjoying the Hill-Billies, who were for such a long time at the Berkeley. In three weeks' time, Ciro's decorations are going to return to their former appearance, but Phares will still sing and whistle to you through his megaphone. Lady Joan Villiers will be spending most of August at Dynevor, the home of her cousin, Mr. David Rhys.

MR. MELLON, the Ambassador, has already gone off for his vacation to the United States, and the wife of the Danish Minister has also gone home. Priscilla Lady Annesley will be seen at Cowes, and Lord and Lady Snowden are at Harrogate. I wonder whether they will inspect the camp of the Sun-Bathing Society there, under the august patronage of Laurence Housman, Julian Huxley, Naomi Mitchison, and Bernard Shaw? After having seen Mr. Shaw at Antibes, I can assure you that he strips very well, and would be a shining light.



In Ireland

The Countess of Dumfries, with her horse Bobby, at the County Meath Agricultural Society Show, held early last week at Navan

CONGRATULATIONS to John de Forest on escaping with nothing but bruises when he was chased by his own aeroplane at Heston last week. Dale Bourne was more unlucky a few months ago, and had to wear his arm in a sling for some time. Many of our leading amateur golfers have been in the wars recently, and only half our Walker Cup team were able to accept the invitation to play in the match against the professionals. Rex Hartley, for example, has been having terrible trouble growing a wisdom tooth—or having it out; I do not quite know which, but either is extremely painful and upsetting.

Mrs. Clarence Gasque's Garden Party

Mrs. Gasque's garden at The Elms is so peaceful, it might be right in the country; three of those who enjoyed it were Miss Fermoy-Hesketh, Miss Cecilia Waring and Lady Elizabeth Hare

Above: Looking on at one of the many side-shows, and wondering if they will take part, are Miss Coates, Miss V. Fermoy-Hesketh, and Miss Elizabeth Powell

Back to London

Mrs. Maxwell Fisher at Frinton Station, saying good-bye to Mr. Erroll-Hay. She and her husband had been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Erroll-Hay during the Frinton Tennis Tournament, in which they were playing

LAST week I was playing down at Camberley, one of the most attractive of all the inland courses near London. It is, moreover, almost empty when the Staff College and the R.M.C. are both having their holidays. My opponent was Captain Noel Scott-Robson, who played such brilliant polo last year. It is a pity that more has not been seen of him at Hurlingham and Ranelagh this summer, but he has only been back from the Argentine for a few weeks.

Mr. G. Kidson and Miss Mason, who were married on Monday, were down at Hurlingham last week watching polo, and are seen here talking to Colonel Vivian Lockett

Photographs by Owen

Guests at The Elms, Hampstead

The above group of guests present at Mrs. Gasque's party in aid of the North St. Pancras Housing Scheme includes the Hon. Peggy Sinclair, Mrs. Vernon Bryce, Sir Howard d'Egville, Miss Ruth Lister, Miss Hermione Cassell, and two Yo-Yo's

THE KING, by now, will already have arrived at Cowes, where Lady Cynthia Colville and her husband have taken Beach House. Everything points to an exceptionally good season, with Astra's crew delighted by their first win for some time, and White Heather cockahoop with their success at Bournemouth. Meantime, the Ernest Guinnesses have returned from their Norwegian cruise in Fantome, and Mr. Edward Tatham is with us once more.

The gardens at Osterley Park were open last week on behalf of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the Earl and Countess of Jersey personally welcomed each one of their visitors

THERE are the usual house-parties at Goodwood this year, given by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lady Zouche, the Duchess of Rutland, and the Cowdrays. I expect that the Duke of Richmond is feeling grateful to the newspapers which are offering these huge prizes for the correct order of the first four in the Stewards' Cup. One may be sure that hundreds more people will have gone down to see whether their forecast was correct.

DESPITE DeValera there are rare goings-on at Bray this week for the coming-of-age celebrations of Lord Ardee, Lord Meath's son and heir. Lord Ardee was out in Egypt when he had his twenty-first birthday, and so they had to be put off till now. Lord Meath is now Chairman of Mr. Cosgrave's Party, which may possible return to power over the Annuities crisis.

IN the meanwhile, I hear that a number of Irish farmers are wanting to pay their annuities individually, so that they may avoid the tariff. I also hear that the Northern Railway carried in one day last week more yearlings, ultimately destined for Doncaster, than they had transported during the whole of the previous month. Breeders are persuading their friends to keep their young horses for them in Ulster until the sales take place, when they can go over free of duty.

Lenare

Miss Diana Coventry

Miss Diana Coventry is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Coventry, and a first cousin of the present Earl of Coventry, who succeeded his grandfather in 1930

Above: Three "Barnacle boys": Miss Celia Palmer, on the left, with Mrs. de Winton Wills and a class-mate, both dressed for the "hols." at the seaside

St. Barnacle's School

"End of Term" Party at Punch's Club

Mr. Nick Prinsep and Mrs. Neilson exchange school-boy jokes. Mrs. Nick Prinsep (Anita Elsom) gave an exhibition of dancing with George, one of the waiters

THE Garden Party has been held. Goodwood is here. The Season is over. Long live sun-bathing! The last dances of the Season, given by Lady Rosebery and the Duchess of Norfolk, were both great successes. The infantile party at Punch's, given as a farewell to Captain Woolf Barnato and his wife, who have gone to Antibes, was a wild success. The St. Barnacle's Club has its origin in the rowdy three-louis table started some years ago at the Casino at Juan les Pins, which is now such an English resort, like Le Touquet, that Frenchmen feel foreigners there

IN the past I have often wondered what the croupiers think of the English contingent from Antibes. What stories they can tell their wives under their long waxed moustaches when they get home! And yet, why should the management care, when the omnivorous cagnotte, as usual, swallows its five per cent. on every second hand of a winning bank? Antibes and Juan les Pins, this summer, bid fair to be more crowded with English visitors than ever, and within three weeks the usual extravagant rumours will be seeping back to London. It is certainly wonderful what the Riviera sun will do after an English summer.

MANY of the "members" of St. Barnacle's were still away at Le Touquet, where they were engaged in playing in a golf tournament. Lord Blandford was defeated at the nineteenth by Tom Webster, who also put out Mr. Rolie Cubitt, before he lost his match, owing to a misunderstanding at the twenty-first hole, to his opponent in the third round, and thus failed to get the £60, which went to each of the semi-finalists.

THE winner was Mr. Archie Crabbe, of the Scots Guards, who is very difficult to beat on his handicap. The other finalist was Mr. Robin Wilson. Several of the matches went past the eighteenth, Lord Westmorland, whose wife accompanied him, being defeated at the twenty-first. Major Tommy Bouch was knocked out in the first round, and nearly knocked out altogether by a golf-ball driven by Arthur Gilligan, the cricketer, which hit him full in the chest. But you cannot hurt former M.F.H.'s as easily as that.

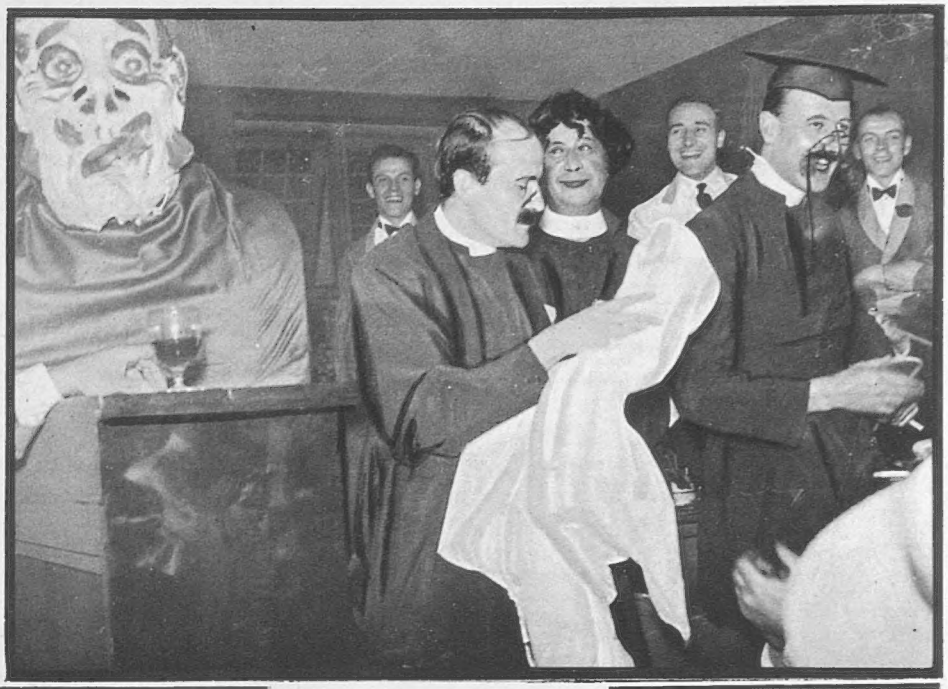
WOMEN'S GOLF

"The Bystander," having taken over all the "Britannia and Eve" Women's Golf Competitions, Miss Eleanor E. Helme will begin her weekly Golf article in our next issue

Sir Henry Birkin, with his hand over his face, Lady Pam Browning, and Miss Benita Hume waiting for coffee, and marmalade, which was served at 2 a.m.

Above: All the guests had to wear school or juvenile clothes, and here are Lady Mandeville, Mrs. "Babe" Barnato, Mrs. Nick Prinsep, and Mr. Dale Bourne

Right: "Arthur" made a most fearsome schoolmatron, but his "boys" soon found out that he ran the school to perfection



Above: The Headmaster, the Hon. Richard Norton, who gave the party, helping Mr. Guy Puckle to perform the unveiling ceremony, which was one of the turns of the evening

Right: Lord Mandeville and Mr. Dale Bourne arriving at the party on a mail-cart, propelled by Lord Hindlip

Below: The Headmaster, the Hon. Richard Norton, in the centre, with three of his "lads," Mr. Harold Huth, Miss Joan Barry, and Mrs. Cecil Pim, who are singing school songs

Ashley, Miss Molly Vaughan, Mrs. their school supper of bacon, eggs, on desks, with inkstands as cruets

Photos by Swaebe

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

Bertram Park

The Hon. Elizabeth Brand is the third daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Hampden, and is twenty-one this year. Her eldest sister is the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood, and her eldest brother, the Hon. Thomas Brand, married Miss Leila Seely

SOME women look their prettiest in the summer, some in the winter. Miss Gladys Cooper, for instance, looks far more lovely un-sunburnt, but Dorothy Dickson is delightful with a golden-brown skin. Lady Scarsdale is at her most attractive with tanned arms and glowing cheeks, and she dresses very cleverly in vivid colours—emerald green and sky blue. Mrs. Richard Norton is much more beautiful unburnt, with her naturally very white skin, and so is Lady Buchanan-Jardine.

HAVE you seen—
Mr. Cecil Beaton's white tie?
Lady Dufferin's "Ceres" hat?
Miss Betty Baldwin?
Lady Dashwood's gloves?

I HAVE lost all my bets. I expected the following people to be engaged by the end of this season: Miss Rose Bingham, Sir Hugh Smiley, Lady Patricia Moore, Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, Miss Jenny Lee, Mr. Frank Owen, Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, Lady Diana Wellesley.

THINGS Mayfair is saying of this season's scandals—
"He is really to be congratulated."
"How could she? He's too awful!"
"Serve him right."
"But she's so plain!"
"She thinks he has got money."

LONG ear-rings have become the ex-débutante's delight. I can't think why, as they are most aging. Miss Diana Coventry has some of the largest diamond ones I have ever seen; so has Miss Jeanne Stourton. Miss Pamela Nichols always wears them, but so do all the Margaret Whigham contemporaries, with the exception of Lady Bridget Poulett, who remains distinguished by the absence of jewellery.

Paul Tanqueray

Mrs. Henry Booker, who, as Margery Hamilton, does a good deal of work for the films, is one of the best-dressed women in London, and is always a little ahead of the fashions

"TELL me," writes a provincial correspondent, "who are in the very young married set?" Here goes: Lady Seafield and Mr. Studley-Herbert; Lady Veronica Hornby and her husband; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Horlick; Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton; Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley; Lord and Lady Jersey. Now you know.

DO you like my comparisons? I think Lady Diana Cooper is like Waterford glass. Lady Anne Wellesley is, of course, Dresden china; Mrs. Evan Morgan is Crown Derby; Miss Tilly Losch is Venetian glass.

WELL, well! A certain ambitious couple have had a successful season: they have entertained frequently the daughters of an Earl; occasionally a male Honourable; and, once, quite a covey of Lords.

BLACK is not so fashionable as a decoration as it was. The Warrenders' black bathroom caused a big sensation some years ago, and had many imitations; but Rosita Forbes's black bedroom was too gloomy to be popular. Mrs. Redmond MacGrath has a black bath in her new house, so I suppose now we will have everyone subduing their green, gold, and pink schemes which have been the latest fad.

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"We were going to France, kind Sir," she said.

"And why can't you get there, my pretty maid?"

"We haven't a passport, Sir," she said.

MRS. ALISTER MACKINTOSH is clever and amusing. She gives successful parties because she concentrates on her guests. Her husband loves parties, and organises them most successfully. How lucky it is when a married couple both like the same things! Lord and Lady Carnarvon both love racing; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Greenall would rather hunt than do anything else; and Lady Ursula Filmer Sankey and her husband both prefer horses to people.

WE are always talking about attractive bachelors; who are the most attractive married men in London? I think Lord Westmorland would easily get the most votes. Lord Brecknock would be a good runner-up; there would be diverse opinions about Sir Oswald Mosley. Mr. Drogo Montague would be favourite for the "younger" stakes.

WOMEN are dividing themselves into two schools of fashion in the evening—the fluffy tulle, and the straight, slinky line, almost tailor-made. Mrs. Corrigan, Lady Plunkett, and Lady Dufferin are in the first-named; Lady Milbanke, Mrs. Thursby, and Lady Brecknock in the second. Princess Alphonse de Chimay and Lady Dashwood are a law unto themselves. I decline to say, at the moment, which gets my vote.

HEAVEN deliver me from women in shorts! What legs, what—yes . . . well, as I said at, and after, the Schoolboy party—heaven deliver me!

In the Swim

A Party at the International Sportsmen's Club

Left: Mr. Wade Brown and Miss Barbara Crossby smoke cigarettes, Miss Helen Eaton drinks a cocktail, and Mr. Hamilton Orde has the party spirit without either

Above: Miss Valerie Lynch recently gave a swimming party at the International Sportsmen's Club, and Mr. Emerson Bainbridge and Miss Rachel Wray were two of her guests

Below: Miss Valerie Lynch, the débutante daughter of Colonel and Mrs. David Lynch, was the hostess of the party; she is seen on the left, and with her are Miss Veronica Briscoe-George and Miss Isobel MacLean

Above: Miss Pamela Wellesley, Lady George Wellesley's daughter, faces the camera and tests the temperature before starting to swim

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Racing: Mainly about Goodwood

By "Regular"

At Sandown last week: Mrs. Pilkington and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gordon-Foster, were among those who went down to Esher to see the Eclipse Stakes run

Another Eclipse Day photograph: Lady Linlithgow walking in the paddock with her elder daughters, Lady Anne Hope and Lady Joan Hope

Lady Elizabeth Meade, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, at Maze Races, Ulster, not far from her home

To win the Eclipse with a 170-guinea horse savours of a Nat Gould novel rather than real life, and Miracle is certainly well named. He is pretty sure now to start a good favourite for the Leger, for his success at Sandown was gained in the style of a smasher.

Both Lord and Lady Rosebery naturally appeared tremendously pleased, and Lady Rosebery, who hardly ever misses a meeting, is as keen as her husband, which is paramount to saying she is the most enthusiastic of all our lady Regulars.

For regular attendance, though, I think I must award the palm to Mrs. Kellet, but Miss Monica Sherriffe, Lady Carnarvon, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Lady Jardine, Lady Watson, Mrs. "Vandy" Beatty, and Miss Gwen Farrar all run her close.

Sandown is by far the "countiest" of all the Park meetings, and everybody who is anybody seemed to be there both days. Miracle's success was rather pocket-emptying for the majority, who had thought Goyescas a real good thing.

The bravest, however, bided their time till the next day, and "got out" on the hot favourite, Myobella in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. This filly has brilliant speed, and she fairly spread-eagled her field. It is thrilling to see Lord Lonsdale's colours on such a grand filly, and her victory, from every point of view, was tremendously popular.

The Stewards' Cup is a masterpiece of handicapping, which means that we shall be amazingly lucky if we back the winner. My own fancies are Cockpen and Poor Lad, but I wouldn't guarantee to give the winner in a dozen picks.

"Glorious Goodwood," how aptly named! In contrast to other courses where alliteration has been called in to extol their virtues, and they have failed to live up to it (how often have I found Pontefract anything but perfect, and even Haydock isn't always heavenly), Goodwood *is* Glorious.

Even that thick mist which blows off the sea, and obliterates everything and everyone, save the bookmaker you owe money to, and the girl with the spotty face you sat next to at dinner who ruined an otherwise admirable meal, cannot rob Goodwood of its atmosphere, an atmosphere of country-house life at its best, amid surroundings which are unique in that they are unspoiled.

Men with a tang of the sea about them and steely eyes which denote the mariner, men who have sailed the seas as far as Cowes, and regale us stay-at-home folks with stories of Mrs. Lewis, refer to this mist as a "fret." If, when you arrive on the course, you remark: "We won't have any 'fret' to-day," or "Isn' the 'fret' a bore?" according to the weather at the time, you 'll be thought frightfully smart, and if the remark is made in the hearing of your hostess, you 'll probably be asked again. Anyone who can still make brilliant sallies such as these so near the end of the season is obviously worth encouraging.

I am not of a covetous turn of mind: my neighbour can keep his house and his wife, yes, and his ox and his ass as well, and I wouldn't so much as glance their way.

There is one man, though, whose possessions turn me green with envy, and that man is the Duke of Richmond. On the days when the "fret" remains in the sea, Goodwood Park is, to my mind, the loveliest estate in all England, and that 's not the half of it.

Imagine the unutterable joy of being able to sit at your bedroom window and watch the bookmakers pay two quid (or whatever it is they do pay) to go into Tattersalls'. The Taj Mahal by moonlight couldn't provide a better view.

If I could change places with the Duke for just one week, I *would* have a time. In the first place, I should let all the "lovelies" in free, but I shouldn't lose any money by this little bit of philanthropy, because I should charge all the Debs' Delights double.

Free passes for Miss Margaret Whigham, Lady Bridget Poulett, Miss Rose Bingham, Hon. Sheila Berry, a brace of Beatons, and a similar number of Nicholls's and Charles's, would be amply compensated for by Max Aitken, Lord Warwick, Sir Robert Throckmorton, Sir Hugh Smiley, a brace of Sweeneys, the Ward twins, Michael Crichton, and Charlie Birkin having to pay double.

While we 're on the subject, there are one or two married "lovelies" who might easily get on my free list, and whose husbands would have to share the lot of the Debs' Delights, but a highly developed sense of self-preservation prompts me to say no more.

Horrible old men say that Goodwood has been ruined since they admitted women to the Members' Enclosure. I disagree. In the old days there was only one thing the matter with Goodwood—there were no women in the Members' Enclosure.

Another great improvement of recent years has been the presence of a Buck's Club Tent. By common consent, Buck's Tent was the best at Ascot, and it 's always the best at Goodwood. My good friend McGarry can make me forget a loser quicker than any other man I know.

ECLIPSE DAY at SANDOWN

FAVOURITES WHO WERE NOT ECLIPSED

Eclipse Day was unlucky for favourites, but the camera was able to spot some winners. Above are Miss Christie-Miller and Sir Richard Sykes

Right: Miss Angela Villiers and Miss Rosemary Villiers, daughters of Lady Victoria Villiers, watch the numbers

Above: Miss Joan Pickering, on the left, and Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor visit the paddock with Colonel Combe

Lady Buchanan-Jardine, all in navy blue and white, talking to Sir Delves Broughton

The Hon. Mrs. R. G. Hardy

Furs for our fickle English summer: Lady Rachel Howard and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan

"Eddie" Tatham

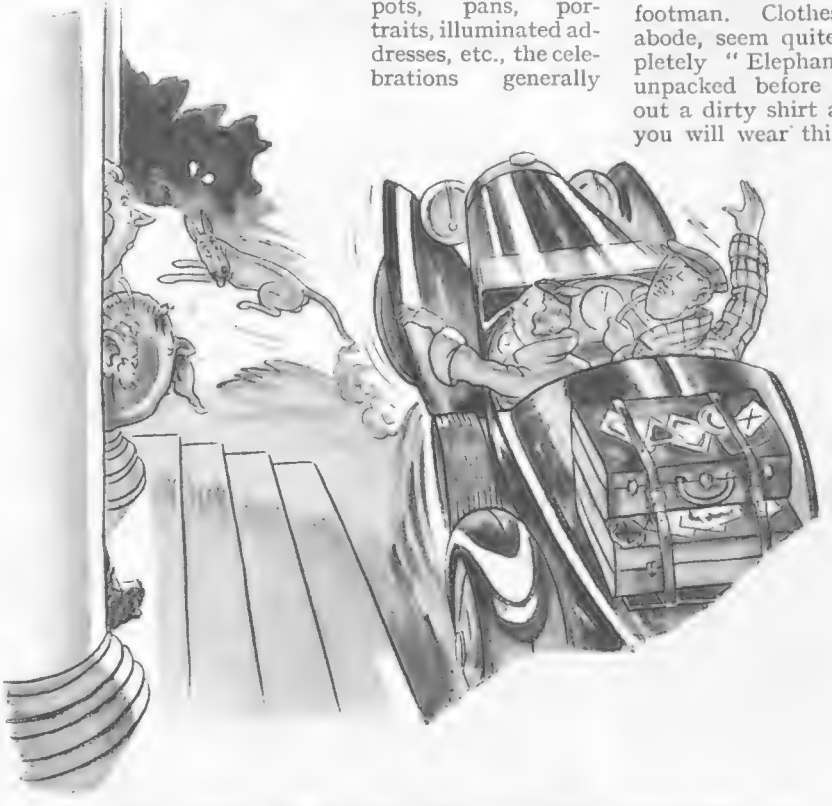
Sets down a few BACHELOR IMPRESSIONS of

A Country House Party

"Cricket Weeks, those gatherings of Bats, Balls and Bonhomie . . ."

THE Modern Generation is not likely to see the return of the country house parties we read about in the various Memoirs, which begin life at 30/- and rapidly decline to "Now 5/-" on sooty railway bookstalls. The stately homes that housed those parties are mostly closed, or only working on one wing. The stately names that made up the parties, and are mentioned in the Memoirs with such refreshing familiarity, are scattered behind various counters or parked on divers office stools.

CRICKET WEEKS, those gatherings of Bats, Balls, and Bonhomie, that used to be such a feature of England, are now practically "Museum Pieces." The nearest we get to those spacious days is a house party to celebrate the adolescence of an eldest son. These do remain fairly feudal. The house is filled with camphorated titled relatives and young sprigs of rival nobility. There are garden parties for the "County" and Clergy, cold lunches in hot marquees for hotter tenantry, embarrassing speeches in which father praises son, son praises father, and tenantry praise both. Tribute is rendered unto Cæsar, in the shape of pots, pans, portraits, illuminated addresses, etc., the celebrations generally ending in a grand firework display with several "set pieces," described by the makers with a sublime and poetic disregard for the facts; the whole tableau working up to the moment when the son and heir is portrayed in fireworks, squibs for his hair, catherine wheels for his eyes, and jumping crackers for his mouth; a masterpiece calling for the many "oooh-urhs" from the loyal tenantry and some well-bred "very clevers" from the "Gentry."



"Many guests treating their host and hostess as if they were proprietors of a wayside inn. . . ."

MOTOR-CARS and the modern craze for restless energy restrict most present-day house parties to week-end rushes, many guests treating their host and hostess as if they were proprietors of a wayside inn, unhampered by licensing laws. There are many schools of thought as to the best time to arrive for a house party. The usual 6.30 p.m. is quite safe if everyone is arriving the same day, but if you are arriving a day or so later than the rest of the people, it has its disadvantages: the house party will probably be collected together having tea and cocktails, and healthily smelling of golf or tennis, whilst you have to run the gauntlet in your shiny London suit. A better plan, perhaps, in this case, is to arrive just in time to dress for dinner, the others will be in their rooms changing, and you can gain courage with a bath and a beverage. This has a snag, though, as a footman will have to unpack whilst you are in the room, and nothing can make you feel more wormlike than an unpacking footman. Clothes that, in your own abode, seem quite "Plaza," look completely "Elephant and Castle" when unpacked before your eyes; he flicks out a dirty shirt and sniffs, "I presoom you will wear this again"; or a hissed "No studs or socks" sends you cowering into the bathroom.

IF visiting Scotland or Ireland, you will probably arrive before breakfast. Quite a good time, as your foe the footman will have slunk from livery into a human blue suit, rather like Samson shorn of his locks. You will probably get a glimpse of various members of the house party beetling bung-eyed to their baths, the men tousled and unshaven, the women in frowsy Japanese kimonos. This gives you a great feeling of

" Nothing can make you feel more wormlike than an unpacking footman ; . . he flicks out a dirty shirt and sniffs. ' I presoom you will wear this again ' "

superiority. The late-comer will find the early arrivals have " bagged the best beds," and he will probably have to share the nursery bathroom. To the mere bachelor, nothing lifts the veil from, or unfolds the pageantry of, married life like a nursery bathroom. It has an atmosphere difficult to describe, rather like an illicit laundry still, with its smell of soap, its polished floor and little draped dumps of garments dotted around. In the sponge tray there will be some faded celluloid ducks, which you try and sail; only they *will* float on their side or upside down, never upright. Some even sink, and, to the forgetful, form a menace to the prostrate posterior. There will also, no doubt, be some shelves with the parents' childhood books ; faded covers will embrace the story of " Weenie, the Wickedest Girl at St. Winifred's " or " Pal," the saga of a cab-horse. As you wallow in a welter of water and celluloid bird-life, there will probably be a bang on the door and a shrill voice shout, " Nannie, there 's a man in the bathroom," or " Mammie, Nannie 's got a man in the bathroom," followed by loud " shishings " and scufflings. Breakfast will give you a chance to " vet " the rest of the party. Perhaps there will be that horror of horrors, the " rattling good sort." As you crouch, back to the light, feeding your face with Vitamin B, he will bounce in, rubbing his healthy hands, and bellow, " Well, how are we to-day ? Let 's go out and biff the Pills about." We reply that, like the late Queen Victoria, " We are not amused," and the thought of a " Pill," biffed or otherwise, brings on rapid nausea.

As the day goes on, so the " good sort " becomes more " rattling " : he will pop on false moustaches and red noses, " bummage " around the floor, barking like a buffalo to amuse the unamused children, and when bedtime arrives, not a back has missed his slap or an ear his guffaw. Other " regulars " are the girl who brings her dog, and the one who shampoos her hair. In the morning the dog-owner can be seen dragging her unfortunate animal by a lead, whilst she chants, " Good dog, Good dog ; just once, to please ' Missis ' "; during meals she pops up and down to show it to a cushion and stop it making embarrassing advances to the hostess's own hounds. The shampooer goes into retreat from breakfast until about tea-time, when she appears, reeking of petrol and in a highly inflammable state physically and mentally, and spends the rest of the evening angrily jabbing the back of her head in her efforts to make the hair set. Why she cannot have a good wash before she leaves home is one of life's mysteries.

Various members of the house party beetling bung-eyed to their baths

Then there is the letter-writer. He or she seems to stay " firmly put " at a writing desk for most of their visit. If in a castle or " noble pile," they inundate their less-fortunate friends with embossed and coroneted epistles ; if staying at a humbler mansion, they flood the hall-table with letters addressed to half *Burke's Peerage*, presumably to impress their host and hostess with the importance of the jewel they are nursing in their bosom. Providing the weather is fairly human, the day does not present much difficulty to a hostess—she can turn her guests out to grass. The revival of backgammon has come as a great boon to rained-upon house parties. Contented couples can be seen scattered around fiddling with matches and doubling themselves silly. Bridge always collects its hard-bitten little fours, who stay in a closeted conglomeration of cigarette ends and empty glasses until time to change for dinner. After dinner there will probably be some of those " Get Together " games without which no house party is complete. First we have Paper Games, like " Consequences." This generally needs tactful censoring by the hostess, as, whilst a blushing débutante makes smelly Mr. So-and-So meet fat Lady Somebody in the bathroom, etc., a flushed Grenadier will have put a medicated couple in a far more compromising position, and at the end the hostess has delicately to revise the somewhat lurid results. Then there is the sort of game when everyone is given a word like " Elephant," and has to write down as many flowers as he can, using the same letters. This is definitely a game for certain brains. There is generally an aggressive female who scribbles down a complete herbaceous border whilst you eke out an anxious pansy. Failing Paper Games, there are always " Charades," " Sardines," " Murders," etc., each one liable to end in tears. Space, however, forbids a description of the pitfalls that lie in these simple pastimes, so we will offer our house party a final posset—and so to bed.

" Barking like a buffalo to amuse the unamused children "

The New Plays

A Comic Operetta and a Non-Stop Evening

BURLESQUE has this harbour of refuge for those who write or perform it. When things miss fire, you can excuse the shortcomings by saying, "But we 're not trying to do the thing properly: we 're only burlesquing the thing itself or the way in which it would be done if it were done badly." In a light opera like *The Pride of the Regiment; or Cashiered for his Country* that lets out everybody, from the authors, Messrs. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley and Scobie Mackenzie, to the most immature member of the Chorus. There are moments in these playful unbendings when it is a nice point where amateurism ends, and burlesque begins; which is not surprising, for burlesque is a tricky business calling for a pretty wit and the most circumspect of acting.

Duly conceding to Cambridge its donnish fling and Hammersmith its cultured simplicity, this comic operetta is gay and amusing, and highly to be commended. It has its wit, its gusto and its graces, and the company share the common virtue of revelling in the revels. Mr. Clinton-Baddeley can turn a neat lyric and has an eye for a comic situation. His Crimean General, with a penchant for patriotic speeches delivered from the home front, is too vigorous at moments for the finer shades of burlesque. Mr. Gavin Gordon's Heavy Dragoon is wildly and restlessly heavy, but, nevertheless, irresistibly funny. In name (de Vavasour), in the blackness of his stupendous moustachios, in sinister gait and exaggerated movements, this Russian spy, who steals State papers by the quire and woos the General's daughter, is the embodiment of double-dyed villainy. But, surely, the best way to poke fun at melodramatics is to present them with deadly earnestness and a studiously straight face. Miss Kathlyn Hilliard, a charming soprano, and Mr. Trefor Jones, an admirable tenor, play the thwarted heroine and the maligned hero with proper seriousness. Mr. Walter Leigh's music is light, tuneful, and amusing, proving him to be a highbrow who can stoop to simpler things—and conquer.

Sasha

Leonora Corbett

who is to play the part of the patient in Bernard Shaw's new play, "Too True to be Good," which will be seen for the first time in England at Malvern on the August Bank Holiday

A Non-Stop Evening

"LAWD, you made the night too long. . . ."

The chocolate face of the singer, chanting a popular ditty, miraculously retained its colour in the heat. "Amen to that," I murmured, and prayed that the soulful lament of the cotton-fields would leave me cold. It didn't. I felt my features sagging into the expression of a goldfish coming up for air for the last time. I marvelled at the hardihood of actors and envied the chorus girls their bare legs and scanty attire. From two o'clock to midnight—five performances of two hours each. And the thermometer was rising. Why, I wondered, does anybody go to the theatre in a heat-wave when they might be wallowing peacefully in a cold bath with the door and window open? What brings all these lion-hearted people into the little Windmill Theatre on a night made for electric fans and blocks of ice? The singer's lament changed to a plantation song, and a chorus of piccaninnies broke into a buck dance, to be followed by a cake-walk and a girl violinist. A mannequin show, another chorus dance, and the fourth programme was at an end. Should I, who had arrived at half-time, stay on and see John Tilley, the resident comedian and something, I gathered, of a find? Duty, and a proper respect for the original birthplace of non-stop variety, fought an unequal contest with the temperature. It was ten o'clock, and my non-stop evening had only just begun. I had determined to make a night of it, and wind up with a spell of continuous Grand Guignol at the Duke of York's. After the usual orgy of singing, dancing, and fooling, a spasm of shootin', stabbin', and chokin' would, I thought, provide a piquant finale. The chance of a cold shiver down the spine was not to be missed. I left the Windmill feeling profoundly sorry for the orchestra, who had to begin all over again in ten minutes. Poor chorus girls, too, and poor, poor Sirdani, whose culminating feat of illusion was to bite bits out of a tumbler and devour them with every outward sign of relish. Fancy eating glass and making jokes about it five times in one evening! "Lawd, you made the night too long," I repeated, and passed out into the torrid zone of Shaftesbury Avenue.

I REACHED the Duke of York's at about twenty minutes to eight—stage time—to be met with the horrific sight of Russell Thorndike gibbering in his condemned cell. Are murderers awaiting sentence excused the ministrations of the prison barber? Prisoner's hair needed as much attention as his soul, on which the stageyist of platitudinous parsons was powerless to urge repentance. In due course the hangman led Mr. Thorndike away, pinioned and screaming, up the stairs, while the bell tolled for eight o'clock and the chaplain intoned a prayer for the departed.

Followed Eliot Crawshay-Williams's grim joke about a dead man, who was pushed into the wardrobe while an impostor hopped into his death-bed and scored off a heartless wife and daughter by dictating a will in his own favour. At the critical moment the corpse fell out of the cupboard.

Both these bits of fun I had seen before, some nine years ago, when the Little Theatre was a popular Chamber of Horrors. The next sketch, *Something More Important*, was a fragrant morsel by H. F. Maltby, in which a Cambridge undergraduate was taken home by a woman of the streets and accidentally killed in a set-to with the blackmailing bargee posing as her husband. Thanks to the idiocy of a police inspector, intent on raiding the night-club next door, the sailor was allowed to get away to sea with a large sea-chest containing the victim's dismembered body. From this bloody ordeal Rosalinde Fuller and Frederick Ross emerged with great credit.

Should I, or should I not, wait for *The Old Women* and wallow in the spectacle of Russell Thorndike as a blind lunatic, assisted by Marie Ault and Barbara Gott, gouging out the eyeballs of Elizabeth Arkell in the dim dormitory of an Asylum? I mopped my brow, looked at my watch, rubbed my eyes (ugh!), and was gone.

"Lawd, you made the night too long!"

TRINCULO.

Hits at the Savoy

A Clever Company— Those Savoy Follies

Left: Florence Desmond, John Mack, Stanley Holloway, and Hal Bryan in a sketch scena called "The Idle Rich." The female character obviously thinks that she's a match for everyone

Above: Florence Desmond, looking more attractive than in the sketch scena already depicted. Her imitations of Film favourites are maliciously clever

Left: The versatile Gillie Potter as a town-crier. If all the latter were quite as funny as he, they would cease to be a dying occupation

Right: Recalling the delicious photographs of fifty years ago. Florence Desmond and Stanley Holloway, as Lieut. and Mrs. Bird, pose before the camera, obviously looking pleasant by desire

Making Faces for the Films

Just an impression of Marie Dressler's studies in expression which appear, if one glances from left to right, as if someone had started telling the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "beloved star" a really funny story, and it ended up pathetically after all

"Thunder Below"

Once again Tallulah Bankhead is given a rôle hardly worthy of her talents, in "Thunder Below," which has been running at the Plaza; but she makes the best of indifferent material. Tallulah's admirers still hope some day to see her in a film where she can show what she can really do

JUST when we miserable cinema addicts are beginning to feel that the sameness of the films is becoming intolerable, Hollywood sweetly informs us of more and more single-track "cycles," supposedly to be done to death in the customary manner. The back-stage and gangster "cycles" have more or less had their day. Now come "cycles" of films about Soviet Russia, about newspaper columnists, and about Tarzan — and so-called "satires" on Hollywood which could not possibly be half as funny as the reality.

The World and the Flesh, George Bancroft's latest production, starts the Soviet cycle off. Cecil (*H. and C.*) De Mille and George (*Hell Divers*) Hill will be next in the field with a film each about the Bolsheviki, and the Radio Pictures people have the matter in hand too. In the case of this 'cycle," we have the consolation, after seeing *The World and the Flesh* the other week at the Plaza, of knowing that, at least, the next batch of films cannot possibly be worse than the initial one on the list.

THE newspaper-columnist cycle gets under way with *Love is a Racket*, in which the hero is Douglas Fairbanks the Younger. This is to be followed immediately by at least half a dozen entertainments concerned with the lives of America's Walter Winchells—the men who sleep by day, tour the speakeasies by night, and know, days before you know it yourself, when you are going to be married or divorced or have a baby.

ANOTHER cycle of the immediate future will be Tarzan films. Metro-Goldwyn are making one or more sequels to their recent *Ape Man* success; Columbia are doing what they call a "female Tarzan" picture, and Max Marcin, one of Broadway's maestros of synthetic melodrama, is cooking up a similar dish for Paramount.

NEWS of this kind makes the cinema outlook one of profound gloom. It makes you realise how completely Hollywood has failed to grasp the significance of the current slump in cinema-going. We are all fed right up to the teeth with synthetic sameness on the screen. It has got to the point to-day where, five minutes after a film has begun, you can classify it as a certain given formula, and you know the rest of the plot without waiting to see it. As long as writers and directors are given orders, as they now are, to concoct films of a certain "type," just so long will the cinema slump last. For

Cedric Belfrage *discusses* The Passing Picture Show

my part, I am ready to give my critical gabardine to the first producer whose work gives me an inkling of spontaneity.

WHEN Mr. Justice McCardie cleared his throat and handed down the statement that "a husband is no longer master of his wife's body and soul—he must hold her by other means than Church and Law," he did not anticipate that, 6,000 miles away, in Hollywood, a gentleman named Harry Cohn would be filled with artistic zeal and launch into the production of a film based on the words.

SIGNOR COHN, it seems, got in touch with a lady named Mildred Cram, and almost before he could say "McCardie," she had written a palpitating film-story entitled *Rules for Wives*, which is declared to be "as daring and modern as *The Divorcée*. Barbara Stanwyck is first choice for the part of the McCardie wife.

AND, speaking of holding wives, another whimsical little story of film-star divorce comes in this week from Hollywood. It seems that Edna Murphy, the blonde star who has rather passed out of the picture lately, wanted to lower the curtain on her marriage to Mervyn Le Roy, the twenty-nine-year-old lad who is one of Hollywood's highest-paid directors. She sued him for divorce on charges of desertion.

The day set for the trial dawned, as days will, and at the given time the court began to fill. There was the Judge, one Dudley Valentine; there was Mlle. Murphy's lawyer, a Mr. Bender; there were the court officials and the gaping spectators; everyone, in fact, except Mlle. Murphy.

After half an hour had passed, Judge Valentine began to shuffle his feet and blow his nose, and Mr. Bender took the hint. He rang up the Murphy residence.

"Miss Murphy left home an hour ago," said the maid.

"Maybe she just forgot," Mr. Bender delicately suggested to the Judge.

"Maybe she did," said the Judge. "Next case, please."

ANOTHER day saved for morality: By order of the august British Board of Film Censors, the title of Paramount's *Merrily We Go to Hell* has been changed in this country to *Merrily We Go to. . . .*

One simply trembles to think where we would be without our lavender-and-old-lace censors. I am now opening a subscription list to buy Mr. Shortt a silver-mounted comforter, a pair of blinkers, a nice new rubber ball, and a cellophane wrapper for these draughty evenings.

HERE is a tender moment from the life of the elder, or John, Barrymore reported by his assiduous Press agent:

"In all his long stage career, John Barrymore never put more feeling into a speech than he did yesterday into three short words: 'Smile for Daddy.'"

"But John Blythe Barrymore, aged three weeks, up-staged his proud papa with royal detachment, and merely gazed into space, meditatively clutching one small finger with the other chubby hand.

"'He 's thinking,' explained Dolores Costello Barrymore, the equally proud mother."

DOLORES could tell the symptoms at once. Often during her career as a star she observed similar manifestations in her employees, the Warner Brothers.

A Secret Service Story on the Screen

Though difficult to recognise in a surgeon's unpleasing get-up, the figure on the left is Jack Holt, starring in the Columbia thriller, "Behind the Mask," which came to the Capitol lately. The gentleman who appears so little interested in his "case card" is Edward Van Sloan

Below: Constance Cummings, the heroine in "Behind the Mask," a scene from which appears on the left

Dressing Up

Man Ray, Paris

Mrs. Ronald Balfour

Mrs. Ronald Balfour also took part in the French Picture Exhibition Matinée, and the photograph above shows her in a frame as she appeared in Fouquet's picture of "The Virgin and Child"

Mrs. Ronald Balfour is one of the most decorative of Mayfair's younger set, and takes part in most of the pageants and tableaux arranged in aid of charity. On the right she is seen in the dress she wore as the Fair Maid of Kent, in the Pageant of Kent held last week at Hall Place, Bexley, the 600-year-old home of May, Countess of Limerick

The Fair Maid of Kent

for Charity

Clothes and the Woman

Yevonde

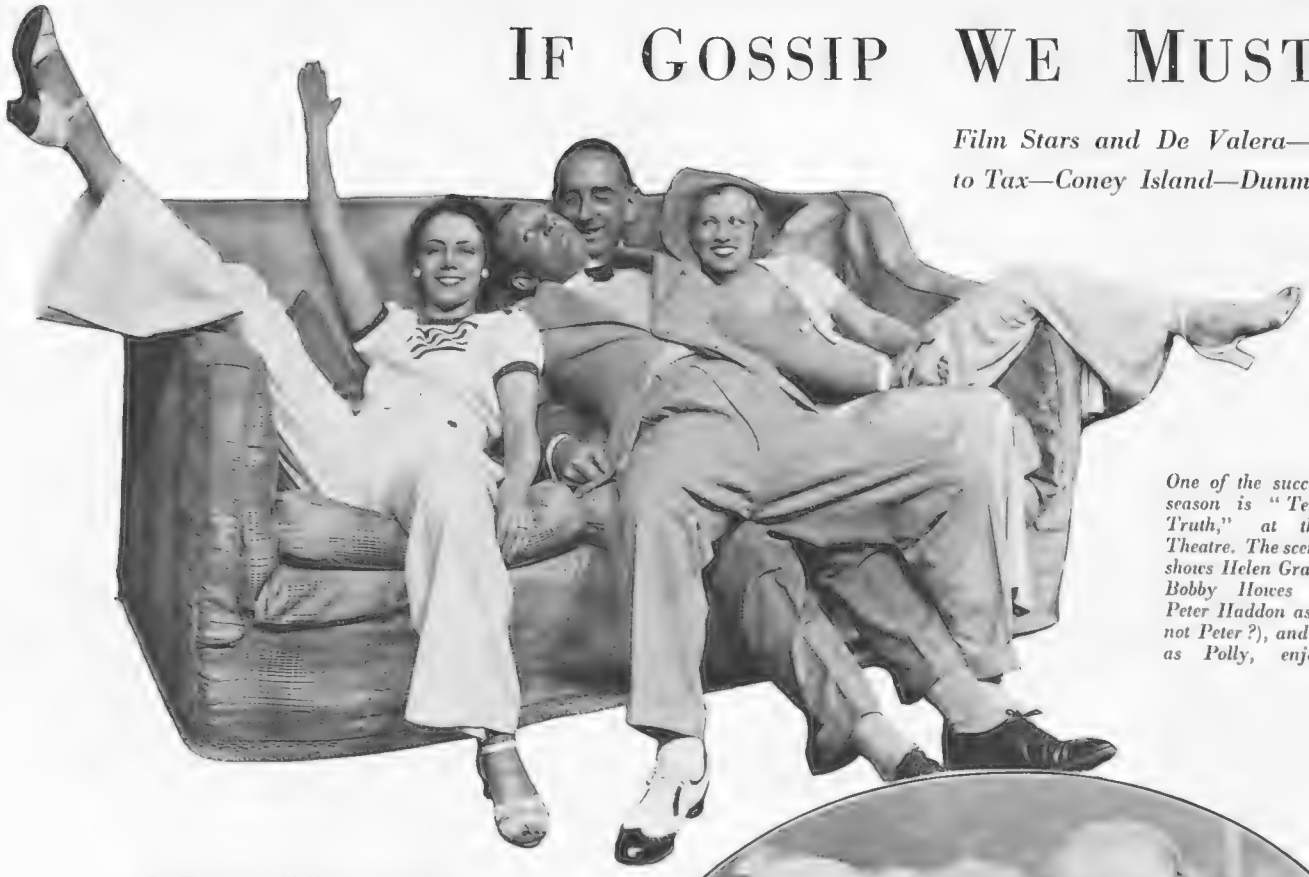
The Hon. Sylvia Coke

" White Rabbit "

The Hon. Sylvia Coke is the elder daughter of Viscount Coke, the Earl of Leicester's son; her engagement to Mr. Simon Combe, Lady Castlereagh's brother, was announced not long ago. The photograph on the left shows Miss Coke as she appeared in the Lewis Carroll Memorial Matinée, with Lady Mount Temple helping her to adjust her " White Rabbit " head-dress

If Gossip We Must . . .

Film Stars and De Valera—Something to Tax—Coney Island—Dunmow's Vicar



One of the successes of the season is "Tell Her the Truth," at the Saville Theatre. The scene on the left shows Helen Gray as Helen, Bobby Howes as Bobby, Peter Haddon as Dick (why not Peter?), and Polly Luce as Polly, enjoying life

It Pays to Tell the Truth!

THE waning "season" still has some kick left in it when Mr. De Valera and Miss Joan Crawford can arrive in London within twenty-four hours of each other. The latter goes through life with wide-open eyes and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks junior, to whom she is married. She has declared, like almost every other film star who has ever been to this country, that she adores London and prefers a domestic life, ordering meals and running a home, to the glamour of Hollywood orgies

Mr. De Valera, on the other hand, will never go out of his way to say that he likes London or anything English, and he has had no time to be domestic. Yelling and excited crowds surged round both. But Miss Crawford's crowd was not so large as that which, a few years ago, greeted her step-mother-in-law, Mary Pickford.

Can it be that, soon, these crowds for film stars will dwindle until they are no larger than those which would greet a British general or admiral, victorious after a World War? If so, such glamorous people will soon refuse to come here at all. Although it is true that Mr. De Valera was invited to London by the Prime Minister, it is obvious that he wanted to come. Had he not so wanted, the one way of keeping him out would have been to ask him. His anxiety to accept the invitation is a proof that talk of a few tariff reprisals was the right card to play.

Swaebe

Personalities at the Ring Side

Presumably Lord Castlerosse (left) occupied so much room that Tom Webster was compelled to find a seat on a friend's lap when watching the Petersen-Meen fight, which, luckily for the friend sat on, only lasted a short time

"I know nothing but good of the twins."

"Then let's talk of someone else"

IN short, Mr. De Valera had the wind up. The pats on the back from the Communist Press will not get him out of his difficulties. That section of public opinion is, at present, firm in the belief that the aim of Great Britain is to make Ireland a base from which to launch, in the near future, a smashing attack on Soviet Russia, which is the source of much of Mr. De Valera's support. I trust it keeps fine for him.

But whatever the value of such help, it is not sufficient to prevent a man, whose idea of diplomacy is to be as stubborn and unreasonable as possible, becoming amenable the moment it is made clear to him that, although England may suffer fools gladly, there are still certain things she will not suffer at all.

THE hospitals are feeling the pinch. That is hardly surprising, with staggering death-duties, income-tax as

high as ever, and better times only promised and not, as yet, in operation. Since amusements for which one pays an entrance fee are taxed, I would suggest that certain free amusements are also taxed—in other words, let them cease to be free—and the proceeds given to charity.

To collect the sum would be difficult, but, with a little ingenuity, not impossible. I would like to tax heavily the idle women who, for instance, made the Barney trial a sort of social event. I would like to tax the creatures who gape at the hotel windows of film stars; who swarm round a police-court when anyone vaguely connected with Society is charged Above all would I like to clap a heavy tax on the swarthy and hysterical women who block the pavement outside any theatre where a " first night " has just taken place

I find some difficulty in not contributing to the State, by means of a fine for assault, whenever a plump virago gives me, unasked, her uncomplimentary opinion of a play, or her estimate, also unasked, of Miss Tallulah Bankhead or Lady Inverclyde as " wonderful."

" The Pride of the Regiment "

Kathlyn Hilliard as Millicent Blazes, and Trefor Jones as Lieutenant Lancelot Brown in a scene from the above comic opera at the St. Martin's Theatre, in which satire and pleasant music are nicely blended for the amusement of the public

banging of Coney Island, now partly destroyed by fire, but probably noisier than ever. But they are not good-natured, and the redeeming feature of Coney Island, otherwise Hell Let Loose, is its unbeatable cheeriness.

Southend, Blackpool, Clacton, and Wembley Exhibition lumped together and magnified a thousandfold, are as nothing to Coney Island. It took me three days to recover from my first (and last) visit; but I enjoyed it. And now New York, so hard up that, one gathers, Klaw and Erlanger have become one

Yvonne Gregory

A " Designing " Fellow

Above: Oliver Messel, the well-known artist-designer, working at home under most comfortable surroundings. His stage work is well known and admired

Right: A scene from " Evensong," at the Queen's Theatre, showing Irela (Edith Evans), a temperamental prima donna (seated), remarking to Nurse Phillips (Lucy Edwin) and Pauline Lacey (Joan Harben), " For heaven s sake leave me alone! The way you go on anybody would think I was dying "

A Study in Temperament

THESE little episodes are reminiscent, in miniature, of the noise and the

Caught Out!

Joyce Barbour the actress, with her actor-husband, Richard Bird, at the Authors v. Actresses cricket match which was held at Mrs. Gasque's Housing Garden Party

Film Favourites

Jill Esmond, Douglas Fairbanks jr., Heather Thatcher, Laurence Olivier, Joan Crawford (Mrs. Fairbanks jr.), and Noel Coward on board the s.s. Bremen, which brought the Fairbanks from America on their visit to England. The usual excited crowd greeted them here

person for the sake of economy, and ladies of an ancient profession agree to conditions, finds in the economical delights of hot-dogs and the wiggle-woggle a cheap and comparativeiy effective anodyne.

"I CAME across the Aga Khan," chortles a bright young gossip-writer, "looking very brown." Greater and greater grow the wonders of modern journalism! Meanwhile, I trust his Highness was impressed by the startling discovery, and remains in the pink.

Kay Vaughan

Lola Kemp

who was adjudged as being London's most beautiful mannequin, in a competition held at Ciro's recently

DUNMOW is a sleepy little town, renowned for flitches and the close proximity of Frances Countess of Warwick. Saturnalia in that corner of Essex are not so frequent that a perfectly decorous dance, lasting until the not very outrageous hour of 1 a.m., is likely to do a vast amount of harm.

Nor, indeed, did such a dance do any harm whatever beyond the fact that, at about midnight, it woke the Vicar of Dunmow, the Rev. Noel Mellish, V.C., who arose in his wrath and, single-handed, stopped the dance altogether.

I can think of some dances to interfere with which would need the pluck of a dozen V.C.s; but Dunmow way they seem to be pretty docile. Anyhow, the cross Vicar was victorious, and the innocuous gaieties had to be knocked on the head.

Without my admiration being one jot diminished for any man who has won the most coveted of decorations, it must be pretty obvious to anyone that for a single individual to put a stop to the pleasure of a large number, just because he might have been kept awake until 1 a.m., was neither gallant nor particularly Christian.

In this connection, I venture to suggest that the famous letters V.C. may well be interpreted as Very Churlish.

BENCHES of magistrates who govern the doings of seaside resorts are at length growing broader-minded. For next month, and part of September, they are, in several instances, allowing inhabitants and visitors to buy a glass of beer (or even several glasses of beer) up to a later hour.

This is not likely to lead to noisy orgies, and if it does, Dunmow is far enough away from the sea for the Vicar to enjoy his beauty sleep undisturbed.

But why, after the stated period, must a return be made to the old order of things? I am presuming that all such restrictions are on ethical grounds; I do not agree with those grounds, but if it were not so, there would be no shadow of an excuse for them at all.

Yet it is difficult to follow the line of argument. If it is not evil to enter a tavern at the seaside at 10.25 in August, why is it evil to do so in December? Can it be that the concession is made in the interests of business, since visitors would not be attracted to the town unless regulations were relaxed a trifle?

I suppose, one day, our temperance fanatics will realise that they are condoning what they hold to be improper in order to make money out of it. And that is conduct which really is—"unethical, and lousy."

TOO STRANGE-MAKING

"I could never understand why the consumption of a pint of beer should be associated with happiness and high spirits."—Miss Agnes Dawson.

I ALWAYS wax terribly hearty
And shine at my brightest and best
When attending some temperance party
Where cocoa is served to each guest.
Why, the sight of one bean makes me jolly
(Though my humour, of course, is not low),
But how one could titter when drinking a bitter
I really don't know!

Although I'm a well-behaved girlie
Who is usually bashful and shy
I develop high spirits quite early
If coffee I chance to espy;
Whilst soda-and-milk starts me giggling
Like a country wench out with her beau,
But how any fellow on beer could grow mellow
I really don't know!

The sight of a tankard depresses;
The thought of a hop makes me moan;
Whilst the praise G. K. C. oft expresses
Of beer makes me hollowly groan.
How can any man in his senses
From Burton derive a bright glow?
What's that? If I tried it I should not deride it?
A thousand times NO! *B. W.*

"RICH MAN'S FOLLY"

"Rich Man's Folly" is the name of the new Paramount film in which Juliette Compton plays opposite George Bancroft. "No One Man" and "Husband's Holiday," in both of which she appears, are due for release shortly. Studio rumour says that Juliette Compton nowadays spends hours a day at her make-up table, trying to model herself on Greta Garbo

THEIR F

Bassano

Miss Meriel Dalrymple-White

Above: Miss Meriel Dalrymple-White, the only daughter of Sir Godfrey and the Hon. Lady Dalrymple-White, was presented at one of the May Courts. Her father, who fought in the Boer War and the Great War, was M.P. for Southport for twenty-one years; her mother is a sister of Lord Falkland

Bertram

Miss Anne Hotham

Above: Miss Anne Hotham, is nineteen this year, is the of Mrs. Beaumont Hotham's daughters; her eldest sister ma Viscount Suirdale in 1925, she has one brother of fifteen. has been her first London s

Bertram Park

Right: Miss Philippa Nash is the only child of Major-General Sir Philip Nash, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Lady Nash. She was presented at Court in May, and has taken part in most of the social events of the Season

Miss Philippa Nash

IRST SEASON

Débutantes who have seen it through

Below: Another débutante of this year is Miss Marie Symons Jeune, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Symons Jeune, of Runnymede House, Old Windsor. Miss Symons Jeune was one of the Committee who helped to make the Women's League of Service Ball at Datchet such a success

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Bassano

Lady Joan Talbot

Above: A new portrait of Lady Joan Chetwynd-Talbot, youngest sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who succeeded his grandfather in 1921. Their mother, who is Lord Anglesey's sister, is now Lady Winifred Pennoyer

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Marie Symons Jeune

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Vivian, the beautiful wife of Lord Vivian's elder son, before her marriage in 1930 was Miss Victoria Oliphant, daughter of Captain H. G. L. Oliphant, R.N. (ret.). The Hon. Tony Vivian runs a dance band which has been greatly in demand during the season for private dances and parties

The "Young Marrieds"

No 9. The Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Vivian

Photographs by Yevonde

Books of the Day

More Fluttering of Dovecotes : By "Junius"

SOME years ago, the political and social dovecotes were set fluttering by a book called *Letters from a Man of No Importance*. The writer obviously wrote from his own personal experience of the Court and of society, in the old meaning of the word, both in London and Paris, but his identity was never discovered. There will be even more flutterings over *Further Letters from a Man of No Importance* (Geoffrey Bles ; 10*s.* 6*d.*).

The letters, some of them only fragmentary, cover the momentous years from 1914 to 1929. They touch upon every interest in society, the doings of great people, the theatre, literature, but I prophesy that their great sensation will be in the frankness with which they deal, both during and after the war, with the relations between our governing politicians and our military leaders. This, for example, after the death of the French General Nivelle, in 1924 :—

"He was a sturdy Protestant and an honest gentleman, with some British blood in his veins. . . . And when, in 1917, L.G. did the unforgettable thing in deputing Bertier to go down to Dover and ask him to suggest to our Government that Haig should be removed, Nivelle, to his honour, stoutly declined to descend to anything so mean or underhand."

THE writer was a devoted admirer of Queen Alexandra—he speaks of her lavish charity—of Queen Mary's mother, the Duchess of Teck. Of Queen Mary he writes in May 1923 : —

"Her life is very full, but she never allows it to be overcrowded ; she never dawdles but never hurries, and every minute being accounted for, she never has to catch up the lost minute. She may not, perhaps, grip popular imagination, as did her mother and mother-in-law, but for sheer merit you will not find her parallel in history. When kingdoms were tumbling about, I believe she was not the least important buttress of the British Throne—and she really did capture the Parisians in 1914 ; did you not tell me that you heard people in the crowd saying : 'C'est le printemps même,' and 'Elle a son chic à elle,' when she drove from the station in the pale blue which suits her so well ?"

These letters are written by a modern Pepys, but a Pepys of greater culture and more intimate understanding of the haut monde than the Samuel of the Diary. It is interesting to learn that a certain ennobled newspaper proprietor "had, perhaps not altogether unjustifiably, approached Bonar Law as to an Earldom, which B.L. bluntly refused ; hence the bitter feeling."

AND it is amusing to hear that when the site for the statue of Lord Kitchener was being marked out on the Horse Guards Parade, "Mrs. Baldwin pranced out on to the Parade and protested against the choice of the site, as she said it would spoil her garden. *Her* garden, forsooth ; fancy the late Lady Salisbury talking about the staircase at the Foreign Office as *her* staircase. The wife of the Prime Minister has no official existence and no sort of precedence, and if she unduly asserts herself she only makes herself ridiculous."

Mr. Clifford Bax

The well-known author talking to Miss Marie Ney, the actress, at Mrs. Gasque's Garden Party at the Elms, Spaniards Road, Hampstead, in aid of the St. Pancras House Improvement Society

We learn, too, that the title of Oxford was conferred on Mr. Asquith on the condition that he always styled himself Lord Oxford and Asquith, and that on one occasion, in 1923, after dining at Buckingham Palace, "Mrs. Asquith said to the King that her husband ought to go to bed. A gross, but very effective breach of etiquette."

You must read this book. It lifts the curtain in all sorts of unexpected places, and in a few days everybody will be talking about it.

IF you want a really witty and most amusing novel, let me recommend *Country Places* (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Lady Longford. You will remember how diverting Lady Longford was in her first novel, *Making Conversation*. This one goes further along the road of humour—humour with a sharp bite in it now and then, for her ladyship has a satirical pen and a keen eye for the affected and ridiculous. When she isn't digressing—which she does in a most amusing manner—Lady Longford tells us the story of two households in Ireland. At Castle Pybus we have Mr. Lambert Pybus, an Englishman, who, to quote Lady Longford, "goes native," so native, indeed, that at the end he is left learning Irish. At Dobbinstown we have Mr. Denzil Drummond-Bassett, also English, married to an ardent fox-hunter, Lady Kathleen. He tries to introduce English methods at Dobbinstown. For the result, and how he ultimately married Mrs. Pybus, I can only refer you to a book brimming with fun from cover to cover and with the happiest sayings on nearly every page. But I wonder what will be said, about it in Ireland ? A case of "wigs on the green."

AT the outset you would imagine that *Bred in the Bone* (Hutchinson ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Eden Phillpotts, is, as the author says, "on the lines of the detective fiction of commerce." But if it is a novel centreing round a crime, it is also a novel of psychology, and Avis Bryden, the heroine, is one of the strongest characters Mr. Phillpotts has given us. And that is saying a great deal. She is a murderess ; her father was hanged for murder ; she agrees to her husband killing himself because he is conscience-stricken by their joint crime, and when, at the end, she is left with her son, the question arises, "What will the son be ?"

This book is the first of a trilogy so doubtless Mr. Phillpotts will answer the question in the successors to what I consider the best book he has given us in recent years. The scene is laid on Dartmoor.

I CANNOT say that I have been particularly impressed by *Prisoner's Base* (Philip Allan ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Olle Hedberg, except by its descriptions of Swedish scenery. These are beautiful. Niklas Lissman runs away from home because of his treatment by his stepmother. The main part of the story concerns his youthful adventures, but you are not shown the evolution of character which leads to him making a big career. This, and perhaps the entire lack of love interest, leaves one cold and uninterested. The translation by Count Eric Lewenhaupt is excellent.

IN *The Captain's Table* (Harrap ; 8*s.* 6*d.*), by Sisley Huddleston, you have a microcosm of life—the stories of the people who sit at the Captain's table on a big Atlantic liner crossing to Southampton. There is a famous editor eloping with his secretary, a Queen of the Movies, an Oil King, and a Boxing Champion. The differing characters of these people and the life aboard ship are acutely observed and brilliantly portrayed.

Lawn Tennis at Brockenhurst

Personalities Pictured at the Tournament

Miss G. C. Kelly and Mr. Siviter equipped and ready for the fray

Left: Miss Mellor, Miss Milner Moore, Miss Verdon-Roe, and Mr. Winstanley photographed near the pavilion

Right: Mr. Noel Sutton and Captain Cecil Sutton, the Hon. Treasurer of this very pleasant and popular tournament. The weather was fine, so it is no wonder he looked pleased

Miss Anne Saville, one of the more junior of the many competitors

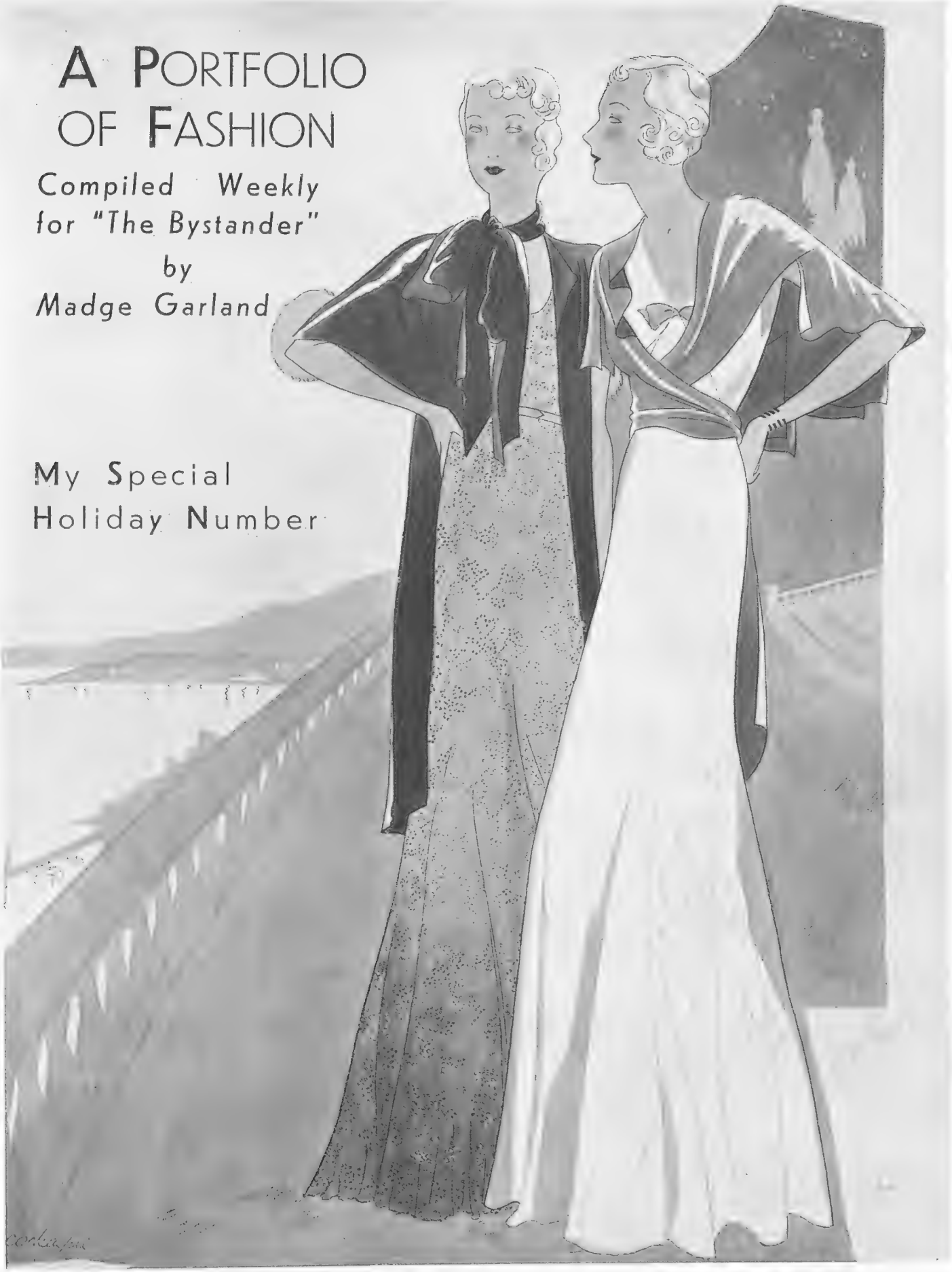
Above: Miss Pamela FitzGerald and Mrs. Guy Foley, two of the competitors, who all enjoyed themselves

Left: Miss Betty Morant and Miss P. Kemp-Welch

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

My Special Holiday Number



A DRESS for gala occasions is made of coffee-coloured tulle spang'ed over with the tiniest of matching beads. It fits the figure closely and is very simply cut. In case the evenings are chilly, a brown velvet wrap trimmed with beige fox accompanies it. For less formal occasions there is a lovely Mainbocher gown of ice-cream pink, with the clever cut which distinguishes the models from this house, and with it is worn a brief wrap of rose-coloured velvet. Both these ensembles may be obtained from Albert and Johnson

I Decide to Sun Bathe

THE black and white gingham dress shown above is backless, but is accompanied by a short jacket of the same material in case the sun is too strong. This charming beach ensemble may be obtained in several colours from Goochs

A low-cut dress of red and white striped cotton is made very simply and the skirt buttons on to the brief bodice in order to facilitate laundry problems. It may also be obtained in blue and white stripes and comes from H. J. Nicoll

RED, blue, green and white stripes unevenly distributed make the tiny woollen jumper shown on the figure in the background. This can be worn either with trousers, shorts or a skirt and is the ideal sun-bathing garment. It comes from Leathercraft

I Decide to Sea Bathe

THE small figure on the edge of the waves is wearing a shantung wrapper patterned with blue spots of varying size. It may also be obtained with green or red spots and is a perfect wrap. Marshall and Snelgrove.

A BACKLESS bathing gown of black and white stripes of graduated width is made of the finest wool, and does not lose its shape. It can also be obtained in a variety of other colours. From Leathercraft

THE squaw-like lady, who looks so superior, is wearing an unusual bathing wrap composed of enormously wide stripes of red, white and blue, in a soft Rodier material. This comes from Fortnum and Mason

THE recumbent figure is wearing a striped bathing suit in black, white and grey, which can also be obtained in other colours. With it is worn a novel necklace of rubber and wood. Fortnum and Mason

I Decide to Visit the Country

THE perfect suit for golf or, indeed, for any occasion and almost every day, is a well-cut coat and skirt of navy blue jersey which has a double-breasted coat and four pockets trimmed with brass buttons. It is moderately priced and comes from Goochs

A WHITE linen skirt cut on the cross, and a bodice of blue and white spotted linen, with a tiny white coat with short sleeves bound with the spotted material and a scarf to match, is an ideal costume for warm weather country wear. From Leathercraft

A SMART alternative is a white silk skirt and a short fitted jacket of either red or navy blue silk fastened by six buttons and worn over a striped blouse to match. This has an attached scarf, which ties on one shoulder, and comes from Debenhams

I Decide on a Motor Tour

A COAT of the new crinkly tweed in a smart shade of brown looks well over almost any light-coloured summer dress. This one has pointed lapels, cuffs, pockets, and a belt of the same material smartly trimmed by stitching. Fortnum and Mason

A THIN, uncrushable woollen material with a rough surface and in a dull shade of pink makes this dress and coat trimmed with bands of openwork embroidery. A matching full-length coat can be obtained to accompany it. From Richard Sands

NOTHING looks smarter than a grey flannel coat of classic cut, for this can be guaranteed to look appropriate in almost every country and on every occasion. This one is cleverly cut in order to give a bolero effect to the bodice. From Debenhams

Dolores del Rio takes the part of the heroine, Luana, in the R.K.O.-Radio film, "The Bird of Paradise," and her rôle is said to be one of the most dramatic and exotic for which the beautiful Mexican has ever been cast in the course of her career

Below: Joel McCrea "up a tree" in Hawaii. Climbing a cocoa-nut palm is not all fun, but Joel McCrea has evidently learnt the art of getting close to "where the nuts come from." Also one of those scenes, without which no Hollywood-directed film is complete, showing Joel McCrea and Dolores del Rio registering sex-appeal. Nearly all of this film was photographed in Hawaii

South Seas Romance

Exotic Dolores del Rio as "The Bird of Paradise"

Howard Marshall on Cricket

That Australian Problem

As you read this, I shall probably be somewhere in the crowd, watching the opening day of the final Test trial match at Cardiff. As I write, the teams for the match have not been announced, though I suppose that when they do appear they will contain few surprises.

None of us, I think, would care to change places with the M.C.C. Selection Committee. It is easy enough to sit in an armchair and pick a side for Australia, but the Selectors have all sorts of problems to face, personal and otherwise, of which the public suspect nothing.

We may think that they should pick R. W. V. Robins, for example; but it may be impossible for him to make the trip, and this is the kind of difficulty which complicates selection. So far, we know that D. R. Jardine, K. S. Duleepsinhji, Sutcliffe, Hammond, Ames, and Duckworth are definitely going, but then, we knew that all along.

WHAT we are anxious to discover is the name of Hobbs's successor, the form our attack is to take, and whether the Nawab of Pataudi is to be considered this year.

Pataudi is a remarkable batsman, and his innings of 165 for the Gentlemen at Lord's was most impressive. He invariably seems to rise to the occasion, and a more awkward man to bowl at I can't imagine. Of one thing I am certain—that, if I were an Australian, I would rather attack Duleepsinhji than Pataudi, though this is a choice of two evils with a vengeance.

Pataudi's footwork is extraordinarily good. He does not jump out to the spin-bowlers with Duleepsinhji's freedom—indeed, I thought he hardly played Freeman as safely as Duleepsinhji did at Lord's—but he always has time in which to make his defensive strokes, and he is less impetuous than Duleepsinhji, who quite often throws his wicket away with an exuberance which is charming, but impolitic. It occurs to me that Pataudi has in him the makings of a most valuable opening batsman, and this might settle the question of Sutcliffe's partner.

Failing Pataudi—and I have an idea, merely an idea, that he will not go to Australia next winter—failing him, the opening batsman problem is as obscure as ever. R. E. S. Wyatt might do, for he has the Test Match temperament, he is keen to make the trip, and, in addition to his batting, he can bowl a bit and field brilliantly, as he reminded us at Lord's. Then there is young Keeton, who is certain to be playing at Cardiff to-day, and he is at least as promising as any of the other candidates for the job.

BUT, leaving this dilemma for the moment, how is the English attack shaping? Not very conclusively, I 'm afraid, though I suppose Larwood and Voce go in automatically, and surely Tate must be given a place, for he is at his best on the hard Australian wickets.

As a matter of fact, G. O. Allen bowled rather better than Larwood at Lord's, which was disturbing for the Selectors. He was just as fast, and most persevering, and much steadier than he used to be. Somehow, Larwood never really justifies himself at Lord's, though those who have faced him at Trent Bridge have no doubt about his speed and venom. He will probably be lively enough in Australia, if his knee stands up to the sun-baked grounds, but it would be wise to take Allen as well, in case of emergencies. And what about the amazing Verity, with his ten wickets for ten runs against Notts? If we could expect rain-affected turf in Australia, he would be indispensable, but on the fast, true wickets which the M.C.C. side are practically certain to find, he would more probably be a passenger. That he is a fine bowler in certain conditions there is no doubt, but it is so extremely unlikely that he would have those conditions that it might be waste of a place to send him. It would be far safer, if we must have a bowler of this type, to choose J. C. White, who may be a veteran, but is still a master of flight and length.

Lancashire at the Oval

Hobbs, after scoring 31, bowled by Iddon with his first delivery in the first Surrey innings, which ran into the large total of 444 for eight

Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's

K. S. Duleepsinhji, who always seems to rise to the occasion, hitting a leg boundary off a ball by Freeman in the course of making a century. The amateurs had the better of the match, which ended in a tame draw

THEN, of the other spin-bowlers, who will be selected? Freeman proved again at Lord's that he does not come off against really class batsmen on the big occasions, and it is disturbing to find that F. R. Brown has lost a good deal of his cunning. His command over length has temporarily deserted him, and he does not appear to spin the ball as viciously as he did last summer. Still, he is young and keen, and a fine all-rounder—what an innings he played for Surrey against Kent!—and he remains a strong candidate. I. A. R. Peebles is another potentially great bowler who cannot strike his real form this season, though he is making something of a reputation for himself as a snapper-up of chances near the wicket. As a matter of fact, C. S. Marriott, of Kent, is at present about the best of the amateur spin-bowlers, though whether he could leave his schoolmastering for the Australian tour I don't know. Then, while we are talking of amateurs, I wonder whether R. G. S. Scott, of Sussex, will be given a trial? He has bowled his fast medium stuff pretty successfully throughout the summer, and he is developing into a most useful batsman. K. G. Farnes, of Cambridge and Essex, is also a promising fast bowler, though not yet up to Test Match standard.

I AM glad, by the way, to see that D. N. Moore is playing for Gloucestershire again, and that his severe illness has apparently not affected his run-getting abilities. When he went up to Oxford three years ago, he was one of the most likely of our young amateur batsmen.

To turn to another matter, it was inevitable that both Ames and Duckworth would be picked for Australia, and as Ames is an admirable deep-field as well as a grand batsman, there is no reason why both of them should not represent England together.

Collaborators at Large:

The Trials of Speed

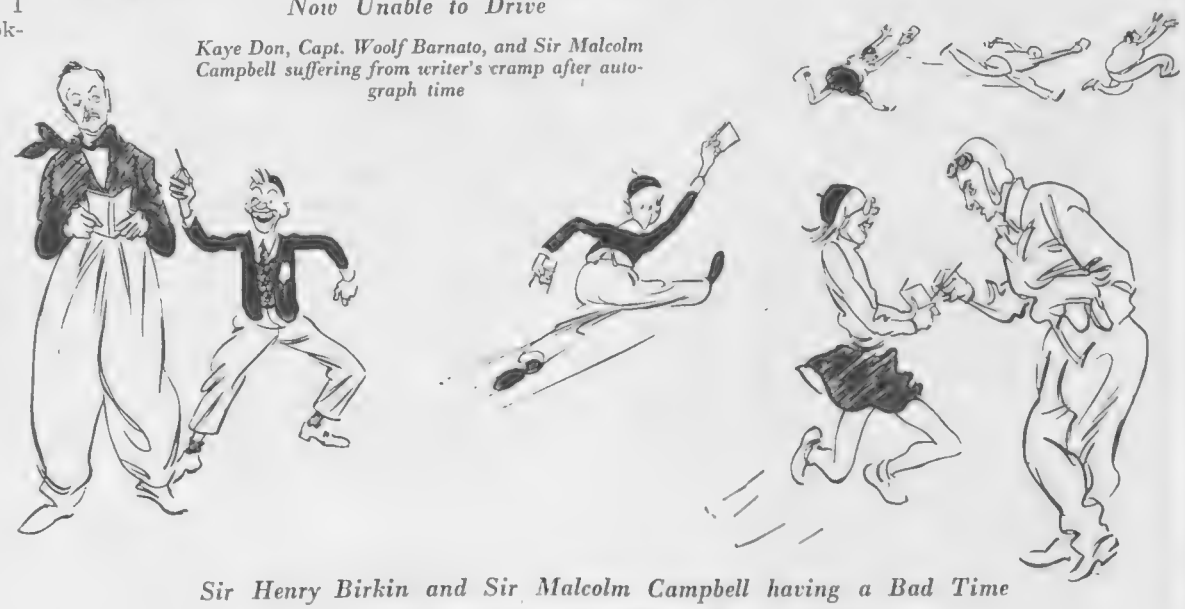
Steering by Gerard Fairlie — Pictured by H. H. Harris

WHEN it was first mooted that Harris and I should spend a day at Brooklands watching speed trials or the trials of speed (description alternative, and according to taste and the point of view), neither Harris nor myself were ever so keen. I mean, we had been to the speedway racing some three months ago; and, speaking personally, my ear-drums have only very recently returned to normal. These events may be trials to the drivers, but there is no doubt that they are trials to the spectators as well.

But when Harris and I realised that, after all, Brooklands was different from Stamford Bridge, and we could stand quite a long way from the track and still see what was going on, and the only risk we ran when as far from the track as possible was the risk of being stampeded by an aeroplane jealous of the row going on, we decided to risk it. After all, an aeroplane, like a rhinoceros, takes a little time to turn, and shuts its eyes when it charges.

Now Unable to Drive

Kaye Don, Capt. Woolf Barnato, and Sir Malcolm Campbell suffering from writer's cramp after autograph time



Sir Henry Birkin and Sir Malcolm Campbell having a Bad Time

The autograph hunters: the fastest things at Brooklands

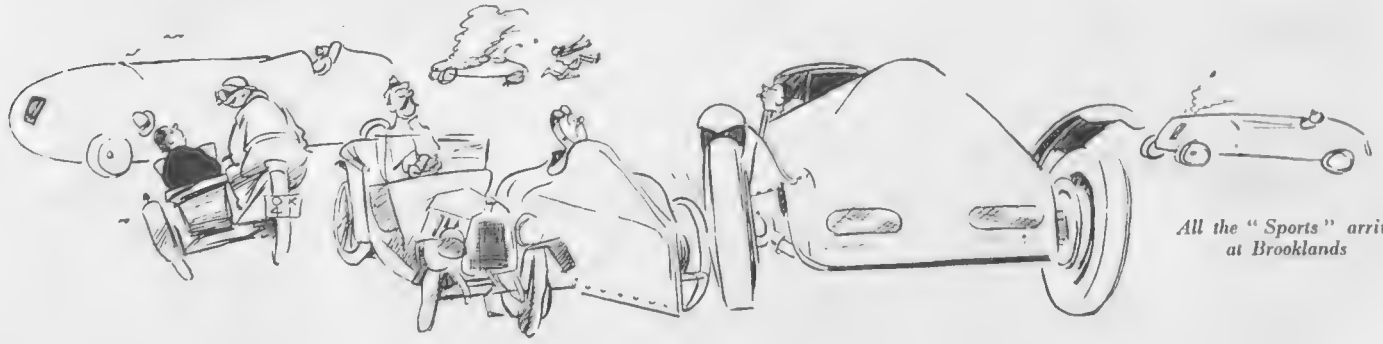
HAVING come to this decision, the only point remaining for discussion was how to get there. Harris said, "What about your car?" but I was very firm on that point. I said, "No, we can't go by car: that savours very much too much of taking coals to Newcastle. They must have all the cars they want at Brooklands already."

So we went by train.

As it turned out, this was an unwise decision, because it led Harris and myself into a serious argument. To go to Brooklands by train means getting in at Waterloo and getting out at Weybridge. But if you stay in a train between those two stations, you are bound to pass by Esher, which is the Oliver Cromwell name for Sandown. And, as it happened, there was racing going on at Sandown on the day we got in at Waterloo and out at Weybridge.

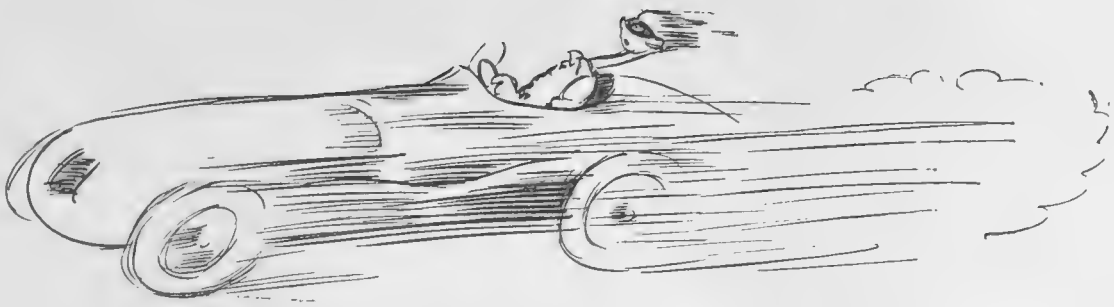
Just as our train got within view of the racecourse, a race was going on. Now there was one horse, with a jockey wearing a red shirt and a yellow cap, about five lengths ahead of anything else in the race. Harris at once said: "I'll back my selection against your selection for a bob." I said, "All right. Mine is the red shirt with yellow cap." Harris looked at me coldly. "Oh, no," he said ominously, "that's mine." Always magnanimous, and sportsman to the last, I was quick to reply. "Right you are. I'll have all the others."

Well, that started it. But as at that moment a row of trees and a row of houses got into a direct line with our view of the finishing-post, we needn't really have fought, because we never saw the result of the race. Instead, we got to Weybridge.



All the "Sports" arrive at Brooklands

WHEN we got out of the station, a man said "Taxi?" at us, and I only just stopped Harris in time and led him off down a leafy lane. At least, that 's how I described it, although Harris substituted a more solid adjective. However, we were both agreed that it was a lane. This lane took us, via a turnstile, a tunnel, and another turnstile, to Brooklands.



Peculiar sensation while racing for the first time

NOW Brooklands is really rather impressive as you first come across it. The turnstiles and the tunnel lead you out on to the top of a hill shaded by trees, and, standing there, you have a marvellous view of nearly all the track, barring the enormous banking which is behind you. In the near right foreground there are buildings and a policeman, and in the left middle distance more buildings, more policemen, pits, a fork in the track, and stands. Bang in the middle there is the aerodrome, and just above you is the sky. Harris was impressed: he said the sky looked lovely.

AS for the atmosphere at Brooklands, that is quite distinctive, and unusual, too. You feel that you are never alone. Almost at any moment, you may turn a corner and find yourself talked to by a completely strange loud-speaker. There is a practically constant roar from the track, and if, by any chance, the cars do get tired for one second, then the aeroplanes take it up. You cannot move a pace without seeing several hundreds of your fellow citizens, and as they can all see you, it is no place to go courting. Harris was impressed: he said it was wonderful how you could hear yourself speak.

THE clothes of those present must surely be the most democratic in the world. They are all exactly the same as the models you see in the Rue de la Paix or Regent Street, Savile Row, or Austin Reed's. I mean, people are clothed. There 's a lot of dirt about, but that's been given to the material as a free gift from the cars. Harris was impressed for the first time by my grey flannel suit.

BUT there is no question about it that the racing is thrilling, particularly if you happen to be near a banked curve. The cars seem to like passing each other on a bank, and they make no bones about what part of the bank they pass each other on. It is a great sight to see a car skimming the very top of the banking, and passing another car which is only halfway up and is only travelling at a mere hundred miles an hour or so. And then, as the end of the curve comes dashing towards the driver, down he swoops, with almost vicious speed, gaining impetus from the bank as he comes off it, his engine roaring like a fiend incarnate, his tyres screaming like the victims of that fiend. Harris really was impressed.

AS we travelled home in our train, Harris and I talked of the great names of Brooklands. We talked of Sir Malcolm Campbell, Sir Henry Birkin, Woolf Barnato, Kaye Don, and the rest. We shuddered when we thought of what would happen if even a minor (as we normal motorists understand that word) trouble should arise—a burst tyre, a broken axle —travelling at that speed. . . .

Harris and I doffed. These names are great names, but it takes a visit to Brooklands to realise just how great they are. *Because all these men know better than any others all about the risks that they are taking.*

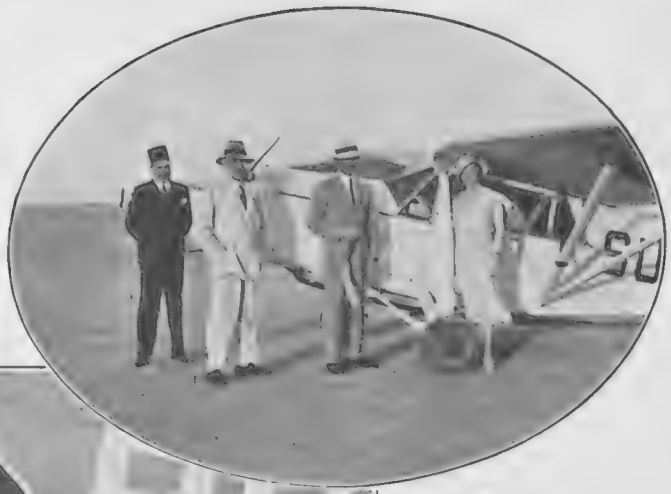
Brooklands does impress.

What a winner has to put up with

Showing a few zealous mechanics guarding a car before a race

Aviation as a Career

By Capt. C. E. Ward



Right: This group, taken in Egypt, in front of a Puss Moth belonging to Misr Airwork, includes Prince Omar, well known as a polo player, and Fayid Sabit Bey, who is in the Egyptian Diplomatic Service. Misr Airwork is, of course, the Egyptian branch of the parent company, which owns and operates Heston Airport

Left: The Earl and Countess of Athlone flew recently from Croydon to Schiphol, which is the airport for Amsterdam, and back to London again by the Royal Dutch Air Line. This picture was taken at Amsterdam, where they were met by members of the Royal household of Holland

Signs of Progress

LAST year cannot be accounted a good one for aviation, because it suffered, in common with all other industries from the prevailing depression. Being essentially a modern development, however, there were signs of progress, not the least being the increase in air-mail traffic on Empire routes, which went up nearly 30 per cent., and the maintenance of our export trade in aircraft at a figure which was only slightly less than the year before. The Annual Report issued by the Air Ministry records the growth of civil flying in all its branches, and should be studied by everyone having the slightest connection with the industry. Traffic returns on our Continental and Empire routes have shown a great upward tendency since Imperial Airways brought their fleet up to date at the end of last year, and this movement will be still more marked when the Armstrong-Whitworth machines are put into service between Cairo and Cape Town at the end of this year. Trade by air is increasing generally throughout Europe; only last week a new record for traffic was set up at Le Bourget, which is the international airport for Paris. On one day 46 commercial machines were handled, carrying 497 passengers from different parts of Europe; 8 tons of luggage; 4½ tons of freight; and 950 lbs. of air mail.

Some Private Owners' Needs

WHILST the light aeroplane is in many ways the most modern of vehicles, yet in others it is in the same position as the earliest motor-car, having to be started by hand, and of no use in the dark because it has no lights. This is a slack season for the sale of new machines, and if any manufacturer wants to be well ahead of his competitors next year, he could not do better than remedy these defects in his model for 1933. On the last occasion when I was asked to swing someone's propeller, the pilot begged me to be careful, because he had already lost a finger in carrying out this same archaic process. Every pilot who has flown at night finds it delightfully easy and wants to do more of it, yet for the reason that navigation lights are not a standard fitting, very few machines can be used after dark. Of course, it is quite simple to get a machine fitted with the necessary lights, but the additional weight of the equipment, and its cost, deter the great majority of owners. As soon as a light 'plane is produced with a self-starter and lights as standard fittings, every other manufacturer will have to follow suit. The addition of wireless is at the moment a luxury, but in this field the maker is well ahead of the demand, for at least two good sets are available for anyone who values this aid to navigation. The "A.A." broadcasts nine times a day from its station at Heston, giving weather reports and forecasts on 833 metres. Several other broadcasting stations are planned to help pilots who are beyond the range of Heston, and it is hoped that at least two others will be in operation at municipal airports next year.

Notes from an Airport Log-Book

THE daily record of flights kept at Heston, showing the movements of people and machines, is one of the most interesting documents I know of, and, in fact, it contains sufficient material every day for an interesting article on "Who's Who in the Air." Lady Howard de Walden and Mr. Ivor Guest are among recent soloists, whilst Miss Gonda Van Raalte has qualified for an "A" licence, and Lady Penrhyn is taking lessons. The number of machines which leave daily for Paris, Deauville, the South of France, or some other part of the Continent, is increasing every week, private machines outnumbering air taxis by about two to one. Captain Stack has returned with the Spartan mailplane which created a very good impression on its flight to Karachi and back. Mrs. Gordon Vereker and her dog, "Rags," were a centre of interest when they left for Warsaw in her Puss Moth. Lord Waleran has been flying one of the school Moths, and Lady Waleran and Princess Catherine of Greece had a flight at the same time in one of the Puss Moths used for passenger touring.

A British Record

THERE could be no more gruelling test for an engine or its components than the King's Cup Race, and one is naturally pleased to record that the winning machine for eleven years has used K.L.G. plugs. This year, also, the second and third places, the Siddeley Challenge Trophy, and the fastest time for the course were secured by machines fitted with the same type. In the old days, plug trouble was a frequent cause of forced landings, which have been almost eliminated by the perfection to which plugs, such as K.L.G., have attained.

More About Hamble

LAST week I referred briefly to our air university at Hamble, which is an institution quite unique in this or any other country. Every possible subject needed by those taking up aviation as a career is taught under ideal conditions. The aerodrome, now considerably extended from its original size, is one of the finest in England, and is adjacent to Southampton Water, an excellent training place for seaplane pilots. Officers of the R.A.F. Reserve, and of foreign air services, together with civilians of all nationalities, are in residence. Two additional courses have been added, the first numbered 7 taking from six to twelve months for "A" and "B" licences. Course 8, for complete professional training, occupies a minimum period of two years, at the end of which a pupil is qualified not only by his flying licences, but as a second-class navigator, as a ground engineer, and as competent in blind flying.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

ICH DIEN

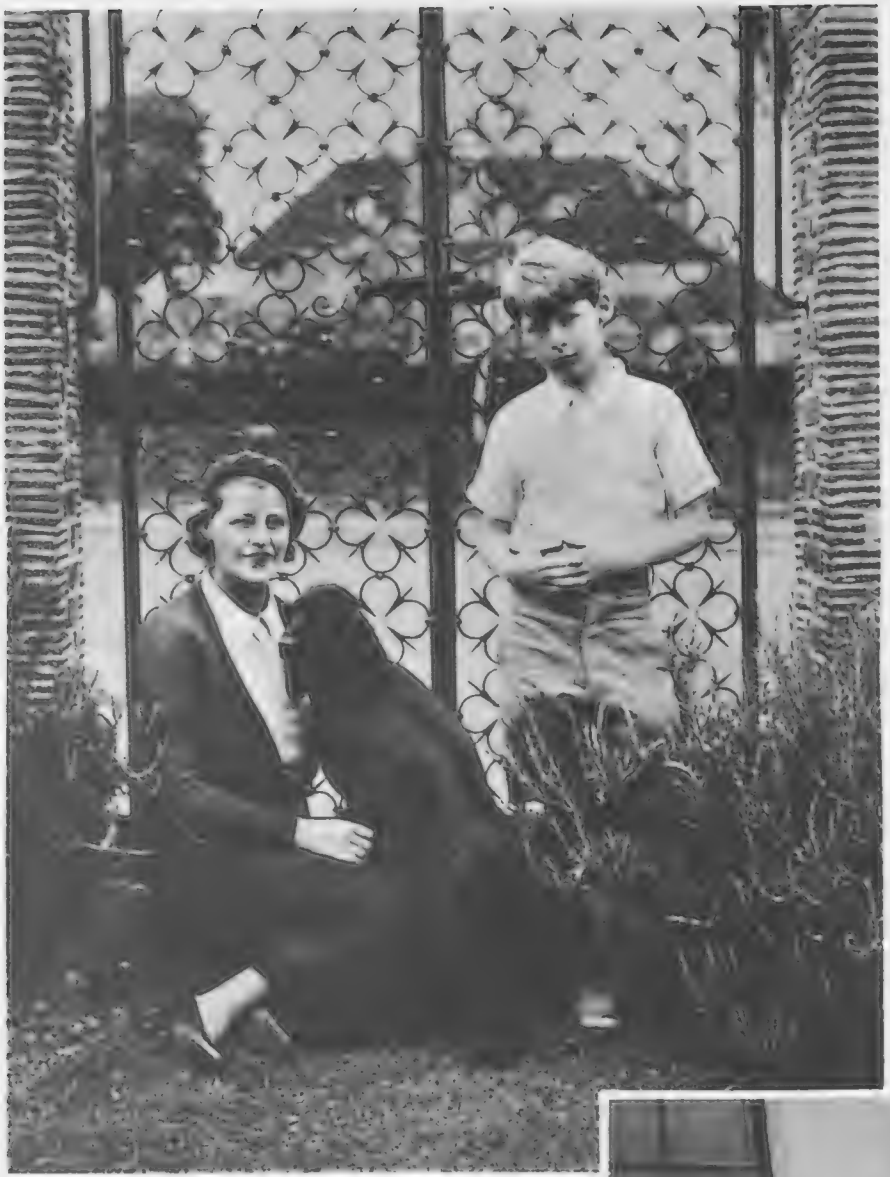
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Intriguing, this motoring, undoubtedly. Speed is the first new thrill for centuries. Curious how drivers vary and cars more so. Happy fussy fat ones, others long, lithe and insolent. Some sensitive and powerful, many purposeless, impertinent.

The ladies, bless their hearts, care not why the wheels go round. Absorbed enthusiasts argue of brakes and fuel, cams and gears. In a varied world one thing is uniform. Castrol—"because the instruction book says so." Campbell chose it. So English. Record sales last year.

Frinton is so Bracing

Mayfair on the East Coast



The season at Frinton is now in full swing, and jaded Londoners find a week-end in East Coast air does them a power of good. The photograph shows Mrs. Wellwood-Ker, with her son, John, in the garden of St. Bedas, the house she and her husband own there

Above: Lady Ashfield, Lord Ashfield's wife, arrives at Frinton to stay with her daughters, Mrs. Jimmy Rutland and Mrs. Barfield

Above: Mrs. Eric Moseley, one of this summer's Frinton "regulars," talking to Mr. Jack Musgrave, at the Golf Club

Left: Another photograph taken at the Golf Club: Miss Philippa Standish and Miss Margaret Watts-Russell. The latter is a débutante of this year, and had two dances given for her during the season

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary by "Markover"

Mrs. Evan Thomas (centre) and Mrs. Shoubridge receiving a helping hand. They represented Wales in the National Fly-fishing competition at West Drayton

Navy v. Army

Colonel E. S. B. Williams, who scored 52, hitting out at the bowling of Lieut. R. H. Stephenson

I MUST confess to feeling a little jaded this week. Sport—some kinds of sport, that is to say—becomes rather tiresome—cricket, for example. I went to watch Surrey playing Lancashire at the Oval, and a more absurd game I never did see. It was not a game, but a funeral procession, and the last straw came when Surrey, leading by 164 on the first innings, with 4½ hours to go, did not make Lancashire follow-on.

I DON'T pretend to guess what policy lay behind such a futile lack of enterprise; I only know that stupidity of this kind is the surest way of killing an already moribund game. A pity, for even county cricket still has its virtues, and it would be sad to see the Oval given over to dog-racing, or some such modern enterprise.

THE trouble is that we are living in a transition period, a crazy age of shifting values and debased standards. I was reminded of this after leaving the cricketers to their dreariness, when, in despair, I wandered into a cinema. Here was Bedlam indeed. I will say nothing about a jazz-band which appeared on the stage, to be wildly applauded for making exceptionally brutish noises, and nothing about the hysterical women who slobbered over Tallulah Bankhead in the slushiest of films, but there was one little incident in a news-reel which struck me as especially significant.

A "How To"

D. R. Jardine, England's Captain, illustrating the correct way of how to play forward

WE had endured what Stalkey would have described as a deal of jelly-bellied flag-wagging about Kaye Don's motor-boat speed record and the naval manœuvres, when, suddenly, we were promised pictures of motor-cycling two hundred feet above the ground. A tall mast appeared, surmounted by a revolving wheel, to which was attached a gentleman on a motor-bicycle. The wheel went round slowly, and the gentleman suspended from it turned over and over on his machine, without being in any sort of danger. And then came the unpleasantly affected and mincing voice of the announcer, shouting in faked excitement, "Two hundred feet above the ground—it 's the thrill of a lafe-tame!" And the applause was tremendous.

THERE 's lunacy for you, though I only enlarge upon it because thrills of a life-time, however artificially stimulated, seem to be the aim and object of most sports-promoters to-day. It made me think with distaste of the brighter-cricket propagandists, and I almost sympathised with the Surrey captain who refused to take a chance.

It is true, of course, that cricket has to compete with those sports which pander to the craze for excitement—

dirt-track racing and so on—but I, for one, would far rather that cricket died a natural death than that it forsook its traditions in a vain attempt to keep up with the insane modern craving for speed.

AND this brings me back to the M.C.C., that august and conservative body, whose methods of dealing with the Press are so peculiar. I think we shall, in due course, be told that Wyatt, Brown, Robins, and Voce have received invitations to go to Australia: everyone knows it in Fleet Street, and yet no official announcement has been made as I write. What is more, I fancy we may take it for granted that Tate will not be invited, unless the Selectors change their minds completely as a result of the Test trial, which begins at Cardiff this morning. This seems to me suicidal, for Tate is the one entirely reliable bowler we have, and he is a much better bowler on Australian wickets than he is in England. Still, there it is: Tate will not go, and Wyatt, Brown, Robins and Voce have been asked not to tell even their wives, if any, that they have been chosen. And I may add that they have obeyed the request strictly. It does seem rather odd, though, that the M.C.C. should be so unwisely secretive. Where's the necessity?

TURNING for a moment to boxing, it is good to know that Kid Berg is once more in line for a crack at the world's lightweight title. He did well to beat Kid Chocolate, though I doubt whether he has much hope of winning against Tony Canzoneri, unless he knocks him out. The only way a European boxer can make certain of taking a world's title from an American in America is by a knock-out, for a points decision is always decided by patriotism, and the judges are Americans. A wretched state of affairs: I only wish Europe could discover boxers at every weight who would smash the American champions stone cold, so that there could be no argument about it. Anyway, good luck to Berg, a plucky little fighter, though it may be Billy Petrolle he has to meet, for Petrolle takes on Canzoneri in August, and may beat him.

THERE are other events which make us look towards America just now, for the Olympic Games are upon us, and Mr. Guy Butler, whose views on athletics are always most interesting, has worked out a curious little list of figures. If our representatives are to win at Los Angeles, he says, these are the sort of times they will have to do, based on current records: 100 yards, 9½ sec.; 220 yards (straight), 20 3-5 sec.; 440 yards, 46 3-5 sec.; 880 yards, 1 min. 49 4-5 sec.; 1 mile, 4 min. 8 4-5 sec.; 3 miles, 13 min. 50 sec.; 120-yards hurdles, 14 1-5 sec.; 440-yards hurdles, 52 sec.; Marathon race, 2 hrs. 15 min.

AT first these figures seem fantastic, but a close study of recent performances suggests that they are pretty near the mark. I find this somewhat depressing, though I still think that in the mile, the quarter, and the hurdles we may be successful.

OUR interest in the Davis Cup, since Germany put paid to Messrs. Perry and Austin's account, has softly and silently vanished away. We ought not to have been beaten, and we were. If I inclined to prophecy, I would lay a shade of odds on the Cup crossing the Atlantic again before the end of the season. Unless a miracle happens, young Master Vines has already two matches to the credit of America in his pocket.

AS for me, I think the time has come to creep away from the hurly-burly once more, an impression which is driven home by the fact that a roach weighing 2 lb. 3 oz. has been taken from the River Avon, at Fordingbridge. That is a lordly fish, but there are plenty as large, and many larger, in that noble river, and to-morrow I shall try to bring one or two of them into my landing-net.

IT is curious, by the way, to note that big fish have been much more common in recent years. Not long ago, a roach of 2 lb. was a monster, and it was surprising if four or five of that weight were weighed in during a season. Now the story is very different, and last year over fifty roach above the 2 lb. mark were recorded. It is odd that this should be so, for waters are much over-fished nowadays, but scientific restocking no doubt has something to do with it.

I THINK, too, that we are appreciating the roach as a worthy quarry, and approaching him with a proper artistry. We fish finer, and admit the virtues of concealment.

THE big roach is as difficult to catch as the big trout, and though I speak glibly of my own hopes on the Avon, I know a most expert professional fisherman who has tried his luck at Fordingbridge for years and never landed a roach larger than 1 lb. 15½ oz. But, then, perhaps his scales are accurate!

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 185)

A Cricketer's Wedding

C. S. Adams, the Northamptonshire cricketer, and his bride, Miss C. Prior, photographed after the ceremony

That South v. Midlands Match

Top picture shows Dr. Robb, and N. A. Seers, who represented the Midlands, with Captain H. C. Tippet, who played for London. Below: Eric Fiddian, A. Newey, J. B. Beck, and W. L. Hartley on their way to the first

P. R. Callard and Major C. D. Morrison waiting to tee up

Below: Dr. Mather Thomson and C. Gordon Thompson competing at Prince's Golf Links, Sandwich, in the Junior Carlton Club's Golf Meeting

Above: F. Appleton and Alec Butt adding up their final score

Left: W. Lloyd and Allan Webb starting off to the eighteenth

Lord Russell of Liverpool and Captain W. G. Dugdale going to the 18th

Below: F. A. Parker, J. M. Bailey, and E. H. Furze waiting in comfort at the last tee

The Junior Carlton Golf Meeting

Players at Prince's

Photographs by Bertram Eary

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

How are Our Teams Chosen?

Dale Bourne and Kenneth Kyle, who represented Mr. Halford Hewitt's London Team against Mr. Spencer Newey's Midland Team

STRICTLY speaking, I suppose that I should devote myself this week to a few words of wisdom with regard to the professional tournament which has so recently been held at Porthcawl. But I have, before now, on this page, bewailed the fact that, although I may write my words immediately after an event, you cannot read them until the daily Press has made you sick and tired of it. I cannot even anticipate whatever "Mr. Lloyd" this new outburst of low scoring may provoke. Let me just congratulate Percy Alliss, the professional at Beaconsfield, on his very fine win and remarkable play, sympathise with A. H. Padgham, of the Royal Ashdown Forest Club, on only being second with an aggregate of 279 for four rounds of the course, and, finally, state that it is my firm conviction that Porthcawl is still as delightful, difficult, and excellent a links as ever it was, in spite of Alliss having lowered the record to 65.

THERE is another event which has recently taken place which deserves some comment. A team of Midland amateurs has played a team of Southern amateurs at Royal Mid-Surrey. I believe there was some idea about the match having been made to settle which part of England had the best golfers. The Midlands have always complained that their efforts get little or no publicity, whereas the Southern golfer cannot play a shot except under the searchlight of the Press. Well, even if true, this state of affairs certainly cuts both ways; but I have not yet heard of a good Midland or Northern golfer who has not received all the publicity he deserves. No, that match at Mid-Surrey was just a very pleasant day in the country for all concerned.

I NOW come to what I have been working up for all along. The English team to take part in the new quadrangular orgy of International golf, arranged by the Unions for the Unions, to be played at Troon in the first days of August, has just been announced. Before telling you how it is composed and just what I think of it, let me state that I shall have a lot to say about this new meeting on this page in next week's issue of THE BYSTANDER. By that time my pen may conceivably have cooled off just a little.

THE team to represent England in this glorious galaxy of International talent is as follows: H. G. Bentley (Hesketh), A. S. Bradshaw (Stoke Poges), L. G. Crawley (Brancepeth Castle), E. Fiddian (Stourbridge), W. L. Hartley (Chislehurst), C. D. Gray (Royal Mid-Surrey), S. Lunt (Moseley), A. S. Newey (Moseley), R. Straker (Sunningdale), J. R. Smith (Royal Lytham and St. Annes), E. R. Tipple (Addington Palace), and Captain H. C. C. Tippett (Royal North Devon). From these twelve, ten will be selected for each match against Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The twelve will all probably have played by the time the last country has been met.

T. A. Torrance, the London captain, and Carl Bretherton, the Midland captain, in the Amateur Golf Match held at Royal Mid-Surrey. London won

The original team announced to the Press contained the name of G. L. Q. Henriques (Buxton and High Peak), to the exclusion of J. R. Smith. A further announcement has made known to the world that C. Bretherton has been appointed non-playing captain.

I MUST first of all make it very clear that anything I may now write is in no way personal. I know all of the team personally, except Bentley, Newey, and Tippett, and like them all; but . . . well, a man has a right to his own opinion about their comparative abilities on the golf course. Comparative to other good golfers. They are all at liberty to say what they like about my golf . . . and, ye Gods! they would all have been right last Sunday.

It is only fair to suppose, now that I start really shooting up the pianist, that John de Forest, R. W. Hartley, and J. A. Stout were asked to be members of the team, but, for various reasons, declined. As chosen members of our Walker Cup side, their selection must have been automatic. But. . . .

Let us take them (the chosen) in this order: Crawley, Fiddian, and W. L. Hartley are obvious choices, are to play for us against America, and have all thoroughly deserved their places. So has Bentley: the French Amateur Championship takes a whole lot of winning, more so every year, and his very fine and courageous victory in the St. George's Cup alone qualifies him for selection. There is a definite excuse to be found for including Stuart Bradshaw, C. D. Gray (in the foursomes), Stanley Lunt, and perhaps Newey and Straker. Bradshaw had bad luck not to win the English championship, but, still, he didn't: what else has he done? Gray is certainly one of the best foursome partners in the country, and a thoroughly stout-hearted golfer all through. Lunt has at last gained control of a beautiful style. Straker always might do anything; and Newey, apparently, always might do anything, according to information received. But who in their senses would back any of the other three, day in, day out, for a week, against C. V. L. Hooman, J. H. Thompson, J. B. Beck, or even the shadow of his old golfing self which is now R. H. Wethered? Not to mention Brig.-General A. C. Critchley, who this year has done a lot more in public than any of them.

OF course, it does not really matter. The whole thing—collecting together a lot of men, many of whom would much rather be at some more seasonable recreation, with the exception of those who become international golfers through this feeling on the part of those who refuse their invitations—is just Unionism.

But I should like to back the following team of Englishmen against this English team (you will notice that I have left out the three Walker Cup players who are not chosen, because I feel sure that even the English Selection Committee must have asked them): C. V. L. Hooman (captain), J. B. Beck, J. H. Thompson, R. H. Oppenheimer, Dr. W. Tweddell, Brig.-General A. C. Critchley, T. A. Bourn, R. L. B. Sanderson, Gerald Russell, and R. H. Wethered.

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No. 13.

An Attractive Medium-Powered Humber: The 16/50-h.p. Model

The Humber "Sixteen," besides being a "good-looker," is, in every sense, a substantial and thoroughly comfortable motor-car

A GREAT many motorists, I imagine, tend to think of modern Humber cars in terms of the deservedly popular 24-h.p. "Snipe." The big car, as is, perhaps, only natural, has to some extent overshadowed the smaller one. This, however, is a pity, since the "sixteen" has many very real merits of its own. To me, indeed, it is certainly one of the most attractive models of the Humber-Hillman range.

Its performance, for instance, without being spectacular, is well up to that which the ordinary man requires and expects. The maximum speed is around 60 m.p.h., and a notable feature of the engine is its smooth and unobtrusive running. An excellent cruising speed is around 45 m.p.h., which means that the car is at its best and most responsive at the pace at which most of its main-road running is likely to be done.

The gear-box is a good one, and the gears are both silent in operation and simple to engage. Third gear has its maximum speed around 40 m.p.h., and is an admirable ratio for all purposes when extra power or acceleration is required. All the controls are well placed, and the driving position is a thoroughly comfortable one.

THE car, as a whole, indeed, is well above the average in comfort. The saloon coachwork is genuinely luxurious, and there has been no attempt to curtail leg-room or seating accommodation in order to obtain the doubtful advantage of an extra mile or two per hour. I really doubt whether the much larger "Snipe" makes any substantially better provision for its passengers or driver.

This, I think, is as it should be. No medium-powered car can offer all the advantages of a large one. In many cases, however, the designer, by means of a high-revving engine, obtains very nearly the same performance, but grievously reduces the degree of comfort by shortening the wheel-base and cramping the space available for coachwork. The Humber cars, on the other hand, provide almost equal luxury, the smaller model being merely reduced in speed from 75 to 60 m.p.h.

THIS must not be taken to mean that the "Sixteen" is in any way underpowered for its size. It can put up as good an average as most, chiefly owing to the ease and smoothness with which it gets over the ground. The steering is good, and the brakes very powerful although their action might, with advantage, be a little more progressive, while the springing, both in the front and at the back, is excellent.

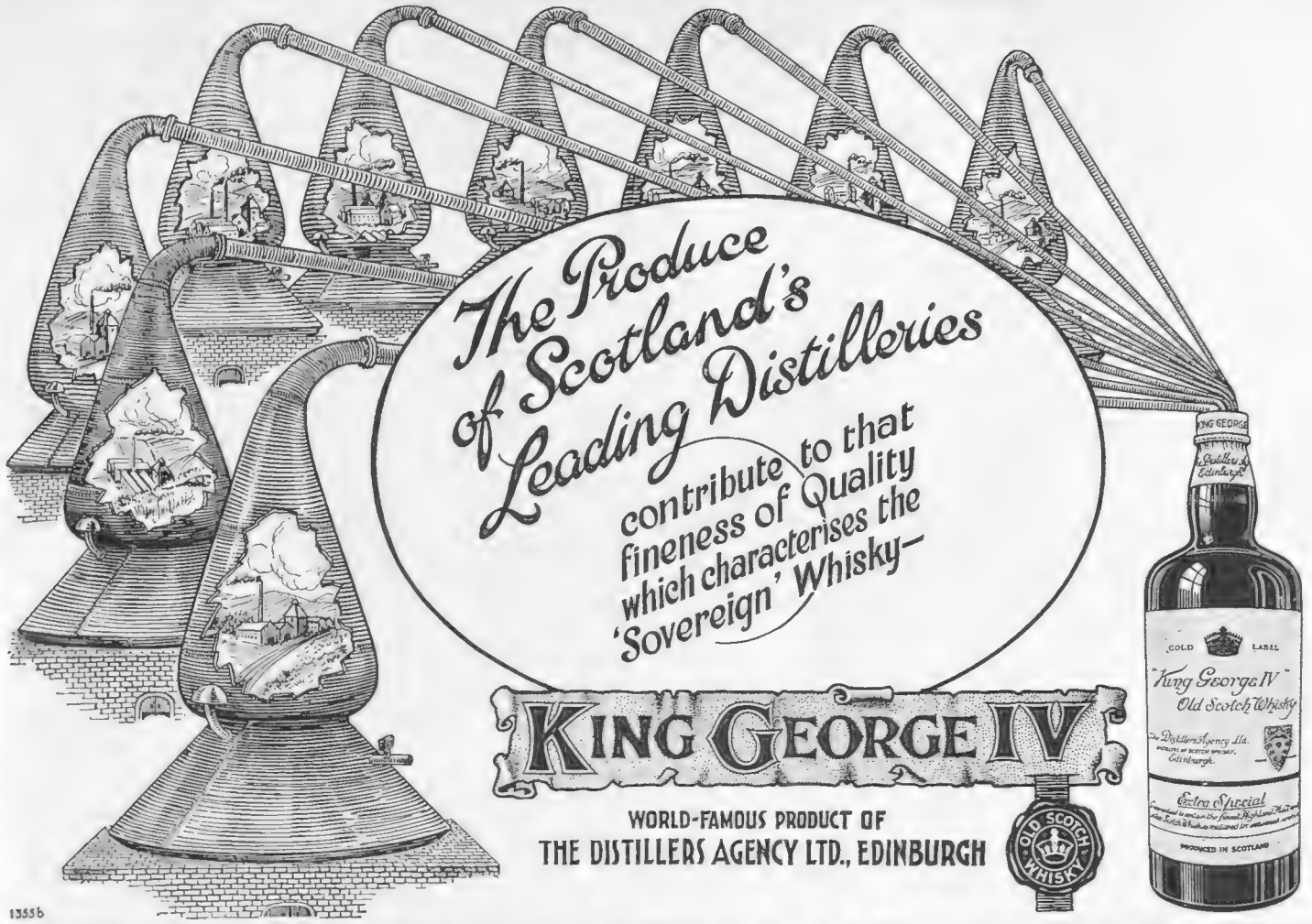
Not the least attractive feature of this car is its very reasonable price. The saloon model sells at £425, or £435 when equipped with a sliding roof. Since no item of comfort or convenience is omitted, the result is a fine value-for-money proposition which gives the Humber an enviable place in the 16-h.p. class.

Left: The driving position has been very well thought out, the instruments are neatly grouped, and all the controls come readily to hand

Although the "Sixteen" is the smaller of the two Humber models, it would be hard to improve upon from the point of view of comfort. Note the hinged rear windows, which avoid a direct draught

Below: The engine is a thoroughly efficient unit, and is notable for its silence and smoothness at all speeds

The doors are of ample width, and the sliding roof, which is very light in operation, is a distinct asset in summer weather



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Price **2/9** per bottle (postage 3d. extra).
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THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention.

Following His Inclinations : By Lady Kitty Ritson

JUST lately I have been getting various letters from correspondents, and all of them complaining of the same thing, i.e., listlessness in their dogs and a tendency to go off their food. Naturally, the heat is likely to make dogs listless and not particularly anxious to take long walks, and I think we are often apt to be too fussy about dogs, and to dose them and fuss them when there is no need to. How often do *we* feel a little "off colour" without there being anything the matter with us, and without feeling alarmed about it? Perhaps we may not want to eat for a day or two, or we may want to go to bed early, but there is nothing seriously wrong with us, nevertheless.

YOU must also remember that a dog follows his instincts immediately, and does not, as we do, fight against them because we have some social engagement which must be fulfilled or because we have tired ourselves to such an extent that we are incapable of stopping. The moment a dog feels the urge to sleep or to eat or to be sick, he does so, and there is an end of the matter. We should probably be much better if we were to do the same, but it follows that, while our friends might be astonished and alarmed if we flung ourselves down to sleep the moment we came in from a walk, with every symptom of complete fatigue, the dog does so because Nature teaches him to recuperate at once, while he has the opportunity, and not to put it off to a more socially convenient moment. Equally, when we feel sick, we make polite and desperate efforts to retire to some suitable spot where we shall not offend our friends' susceptibilities, and, in so doing, we probably annoy Nature, which is worse for us than it would be if we merely annoyed our friends. The dog, on the contrary, feels sick, and *is* sick, and his inside benefits accordingly. I am not suggesting a wholesale return to primitive ways on our part, greatly though we should benefit thereby, but I do think that dogs are often not in the least ill when we, because of our civilised ideas, imagine that they must be.

Champion Alfreda, a typical specimen of the champion Afghan hound, a breed which has many devotees

EVERY dog-owner should understand his own dog so well that he knows when there is anything seriously the matter with him, and when it is merely a passing indisposition or even less.

Broadly speaking, there is nothing much over which to worry if a dog goes off his food in hot weather and does not seem inclined to take exercise in the heat of the day, or if, in any weather, he does not eat for a couple of days. Nature is probably dictating a rest for his inside. If the loss of appetite is a sign of anything worse, the other symptoms will follow fairly quickly, and you will have done more harm than good by forcing food down his throat. Food alone never saved a sick dog's life; returning appetite is a sign that the animal is better, but nothing more.

It is natural for dogs to sleep; they need more than we do, in any case, so don't worry if your dog seems to sleep an inordinate amount, especially in hot weather. The shorter nights make it necessary for him to get more in the daytime. Dull eyes, constant vomiting, great thirst and, of course, a high temperature, are signs which I don't like, but, otherwise, I advise you not to fuss about your dogs, especially at this time of year.

Greyhound Racing : By "White Citizen"

THOSE who have formed the excellent habit of visiting the White City on the nights when greyhound racing is in progress should, one Monday, Wednesday, or Friday (but particularly Friday), become slightly adventurous, and wander a little farther afield. The White City has a little sister, and that little sister is a pretty little thing: her name is Harringay. You who read me must understand that the word "little" is used comparatively. Harringay is extremely well fitted up, and in certain points has a definite advantage over the White City; the words which I have just written must not lead you to suppose that you are going to a tiny little place. If it were not for the White City, Harringay would be deemed large.

Lady Hunloke, who intends to take up the breeding of greyhounds for the race track, is seen above with some of her dogs at the Greyhound Racing Kennels at Northaw

MEMBERS of the Club at the White City are accustomed to dining behind the glass partitions and watching the racing from their tables. This actually is not done from the Club at Harringay. During the races the members walk out on to the verandah and watch the racing from there, but, in doing so, they enjoy what the spectator at the White City loses, and that is, a much more intimate view of the track and the race. I have been privileged to watch one or two races at the White City from the Crow's Nest, whence the stewards cast their eagle eye upon the dogs, and the impression is that you are practically standing over the dogs as they race round. Harringay gives that impression to the members of the Club. From the verandah the dogs are nearer to you, and you are practically directly over the track; in point of fact, the best comparison that I can give is that, whereas the White City is His Majesty's Theatre, enormous, dignified, perhaps a little distant from the stage, Harringay is any of those theatres which are so often described nowadays as intime, there being, according to the journalists, no English word for it.

IT was at Harringay that they tried out rather an interesting experiment the other day. I will lead up to my account of this experiment by telling you that I backed a dog at the White City on Saturday and, as I saw it flash past the post in company with another, I sighed a great sigh of relief. When the numbers went up, however, I discovered that my dog had not won, but had been beaten a short head by that other, which I had thought well behind. I realised that the angle of my seat from the winning post had put me at fault. At Harringay they decided to try out this question of angle, and they built models in wood of two dogs, placing them at the winning-post so that one dog was winning the race by a neck. This was photographed from three angles, directly in line with the winning-post, and at 45 degrees on each side. These three photographs showed three entirely different results to the race. The correct result was shown, of course, by that photograph which was taken directly in line with the winning-post. The photograph taken from the rear of the dogs showed an opposite result, and the photograph taken from a position in front of the dogs showed a much easier win for the leader than had, in fact, taken place.

Backers should remember this fact when, if ever, they find themselves feeling inclined to remonstrate vociferously with the judge's decision.

FINALLY, Melksham Grisel won a race on Saturday night. This was just as well, for Wild Woolley was getting annoyed with her.

Chilled drinks with ice chinking in the glass or real ice-cream! Doesn't the hot weather make you wish you had these available? If you had an Electrolux Refrigerator, these and many other summer delicacies would be yours. Further, an Electrolux would save waste, time and money throughout the year. An Electrolux is just as necessary to preserve food and protect health in winter as in summer. It is the ideal larder and ensures food being perfectly fresh.

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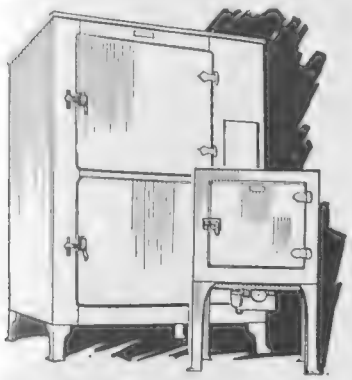

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Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking, and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You 'll take a new interest in life. You 'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you 'll be more eager for work and play. You 'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you 'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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In convenient sizes for every purpose and at a wide range of prices from 2/6 to 52/6. The original shape at 4/9 and 8/9 and the small 'watch shape' for the handbag at 2/6, are illustrated.

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Royalty and the "Standard"

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester recently paid a visit to the Standard motor-car works at Coventry. He is seen above, centre. The other figures in the group (left to right) are: Mr. E. Grinham (Chief Engineer), Capt. J. P. Black (Director and General Manager), Mr. Salter, Mr. R. W. Maudslay (Chairman), and Major Maude of Car Mart, Ltd.

The Editor's Box

A "Shoe" Landmark

The Dolcis Shoe Company have just produced their new catalogue which they justly claim is the most ambitious and comprehensive publication of its kind. It contains over seventy pages, on each of which several Dolcis styles are illustrated, so that the range includes some hundreds of shoes, for men, women and children, for town and country, for morning, afternoon and evening wear, in fact, for every conceivable time and place that a shoe is worn. The Company, whose head office is at Dolcis House, Great Dover Street, S.E.1, and who have two hundred branches in the United Kingdom, are sending thousands of their catalogues all over the world, and their Post-Order Department, which already supplies innumerable customers, will surely be snowed under with correspondence as a result.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

Filets de Truite

HAVE a good-sized trout filleted, and simmer it in some brown gravy, a glass of claret, some herbs and lemon juice, serve it with mousseline sauce and garnish with olives. *Mousseline sauce* is a mayonnaise sauce with some whipped aspic and about two tablespoonfuls of cream. This sauce is served cold.

DÎNER

CANTELOUP FRAPPÉ
FILETS DE TRUITE
SOUFFLÉ DE VOLAILLE
POMMES SAUTÉES
PETITS POIS AU BEURRE
CHARLOTTE AUX CERISES
FOIE GRAS À L'ASPIC
CAFÉ DESSERT

Soufflé de Volaille

POUND the white meat of a boiled chicken (about 4 ozs.) as fine as possible, and mix with it half a pint of milk, three well-beaten eggs, a little bruised onion, pepper and salt, a pinch of cayenne and mace. Put all this into a well-buttered mould, first stirring in a little cream, tie it down with a cloth, and steam it like an ordinary custard pudding. It should be kept quite upright, and when turned out in the entrée-dish, pour some clear well-seasoned brown gravy round button mushrooms. Minced truffles can be added when mixing the chicken, if desired.

Charlotte aux Cerises

LINE a plain Charlotte mould with white paper. Arrange the required number of Savoy biscuits into the inside of the mould. Prepare a pint of vanilla cream custard, flavour it with a little maraschino, then add to it half a gill of cream. Freeze partly and add about a quarter of a pound of stoned cherries cut up. Colour with carmine if liked, and then freeze till it is of the consistency for moulding. Fill the mould quickly, and leave on ice for about two hours. When required to serve, un-mould quickly and serve at once. The top can be decorated if desired with whipped cream.

Foie Gras à l'Aspic

LINE some small moulds with aspic, then place a good piece of foie gras in each, fill up with aspic; leave till set, then turn out and serve on chopped aspic.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful By "Maquillage"

"SOMETHING NEW IN COMPLEXION TREATMENTS AND COSMETIC ART"

A SIMPLE COMBINE OF LOTIONS WHICH ARE KIND TO THE COMPLEXION AND ENSURE A PERFECT MAKE-UP

CANDOUR is a dangerous and often expensive indulgence. Can I be frank enough with my readers, some of whom have already proved faithful and confident friends, to admit that it is difficult to find, every week, a subject of interest and significance connected with beauty culture which I can confidently recommend, and that anything "new" and different has, therefore, an obvious attraction?

A number of years spent in investigating (even experimenting with) and writing about beauty culture is apt to make one sceptical—with occasional, welcome bursts of enthusiasm when one comes on genuine and proved products and treatments.

Necessarily, one has a bias, and my regular readers have probably noticed that I have a bias: I consider cleanliness and stimulation of circulation almost the most important basis of beauty culture.

One may say that there are several "Schools of Thought" where beauty culture is concerned. One of the French methods, with which I have for some years been in sympathy, is primarily based on these principles, and is opposed to the use of creams, especially in the daytime, believing that they clog the pores and darken the skin. (In passing, it may be remarked that while we Saxons, with naturally fair skins, have devoted ourselves to creating sunburn effects, the Latins, who have a tendency to swarthiness, have concentrated on beauty treatments to refine and lighten the complexion, to achieve the "natural" milk-and-roses effects which we have discarded and disguised.)

MRS. ROTHSCHILD is a Frenchwoman, married to an Englishman, who has "adopted" England as her country, and has made a study of English complexions, but has imported and adapted certain Parisian ideas. Her toilet preparations, which are grouped under the name of "Sadko," comprise primarily four lotions: a cleansing and stimulating lotion, and there are two versions, "Satinet" for the average skin and a balsam for super-sensitive complexions; a skin food which is actually an oil, richly nutritive and especially easily absorbed; and a liquid cream which is at once protective and beneficial and also, combined with the special powder, part of her cosmetic régime. There is also the "Lactea," for primary cleansing, which contains a deep-sea sandy element for deep cleansing and the elimination of oily secretions, blackheads, and impurities.

THE treatment at her Salons in Oxford Street includes steaming and special massage with the use of the appropriate lotions, and is advisable when possible at regular intervals, but a clear and radiant complexion can be maintained by the use, according to instructions, of the four lotions at home.

First cleanse and bleach the skin with Sadko Plastea twice a week. Daily cleanse and tone up the complexion with the Satinet lotion, which absorbs all grease and dirt and leaves the skin with a delicious feeling of coolness and freshness. The "Skin food," a light and fragrant oil, should be used afterwards at night or in the morning. The "Lait de Beauté" should then be dabbed on the face with cotton wool: before it is dry the special powder should be applied and then smoothed off. If used, rouge can then be added, and a final dusting of powder (there are numerous shades of rouge and powder) will leave the skin with an appearance of radiance and health, without any of the dryness often consequent on the use of liquid powders, and no danger of subsequent oozing and greasiness which some cream bases engender.

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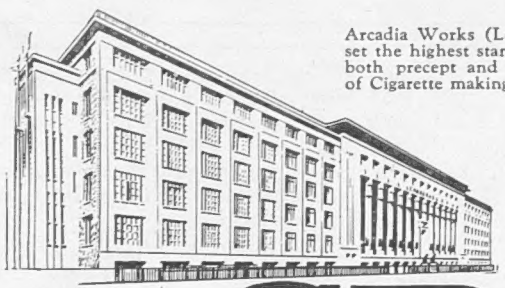

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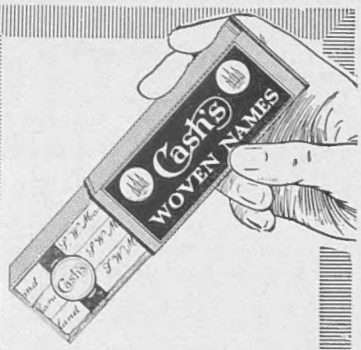

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ON HOLIDAY AFTERNOONS

You'll enjoy this NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

'Within the precincts of St. James's is a little street called Petty France that is well known to Americans who do not die in Paris. On fine mornings when the stock markets look good and the family wants to convert travel cheques into heirlooms, Pa and Ma walk down there to buy Queen Anne furniture and the silver of the early Georges.

It was for this reason amongst others that Serena Merriman selected that nondescript byway as the ideal situation for her Hot Dog café. Being an American herself, she knew a hot dog when she saw one, and appreciated its sentimental appeal to compatriots far from home highways where those golden brown rolls of mystery mingle their appetising perfume with that of gasoline. The idea was partly Serena's and partly that of her English cousin Gerry. As becomes a guardsman who has to maintain honour and glory at his own expense, Gerry knew a thing or two about trading in what is called the West End of London.

'So what you've got to do, young Serena,' he advised, 'is to start a business where you can sit in the parlour and listen to the tinkle of the cash register. How much money have you got?'

'Fifteen hundred dollars — when I've paid my account at Grosvenor House. Then I have a whole wad of debts. I've been frightfully expensive to myself."

'Forget them until you have something to pay 'em with' said Gerry.

So Serena spent her dollars in advance rent and fitting out the shop with oak benches and tables, a sanded floor, and all the other appurtenances of an old English chop house, including a little home for herself in the two rooms above.

And it was Gerry Wake who launched Serena's opening night by giving a Hot Dog party to a Royal Prince and such officers of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards as were not on leave, not to mention the Brighter Members of the Younger Set. In fact, the Hot Dog première was so full of those upon whom the snob gossips thrive, that from then on, Serena's cash register tinkled like a busy typewriter every midnight to dawn.

Serena soon found, however, that she had to sell a lot of hot dogs to pay off two thousand pounds of debts." . . . *You must read* "HOT DOG" . . . *in which a dashing member of the Brigade of Guards demonstrates to Miss America that deception is sometimes the better part of valour.*

"Little is known of the early history of Balliol garden. By the statutes of 1507 herbs and vegetables were to be grown, and apparently a small plot of ground was allotted with each private chamber. As a good deal of the property of Balliol in the thirteenth century consisted of tenement houses, their gardens probably formed the different allotments. The old Master's garden of Balliol is now covered with buildings, but in Loggan it is shown as a small formal plot, with fruit trees trained against the enclosing walls. The chief feature of Balliol garden to-day are the chestnut trees. How amazed the Lady Devorguilla (the foundress of Balliol) would be could she see the beauty of these countless candelabra of flowers in bloom, for horse-chestnuts, which are natives of Thibet, were unknown in this country till the sixteenth century. Still greater, perhaps, would be her delight in the tulips, which every year light up the sombre dignity of the Fellows' garden in Eights week.

Of the early gardens belonging to University College we know the beautiful wall built in the classical style in the Radcliffe quad. It is best seen from the doorway on the High Street. In the Fellows' garden there is a tulip tree (nearly as large as the one at Wadham), a lovely spectacle from the High Street in autumn, when the leaves are green-gold. In the Master's garden the most conspicuous feature is the beautiful 300-year-old mulberry tree. Near it is a carefully protected little slip grown from 'Milton's mulberry' in the garden of Christ Church, Cambridge." . . . *A delightful article* "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS," *by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde.*

This beautiful signed portrait of JANET GAYNOR GIVEN AWAY with the July Issue

No other Magazine in the World is quite like it

"RESTLESS EXILE FOR A BOURBON DEMOCRAT" *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
"COTTAGE FOR TWO" *by Mollie Panter Downes*
"FAR-EASTERN NIGHTS-OUT" *by P. Jerome Willis*
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"MARKETING WITH METHOD" *by J. S. Bainbridge, M.Sc.*
MOTORING: *Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan*
WOMEN'S GOLF: *Conducted by Eleanor E. Helme*

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